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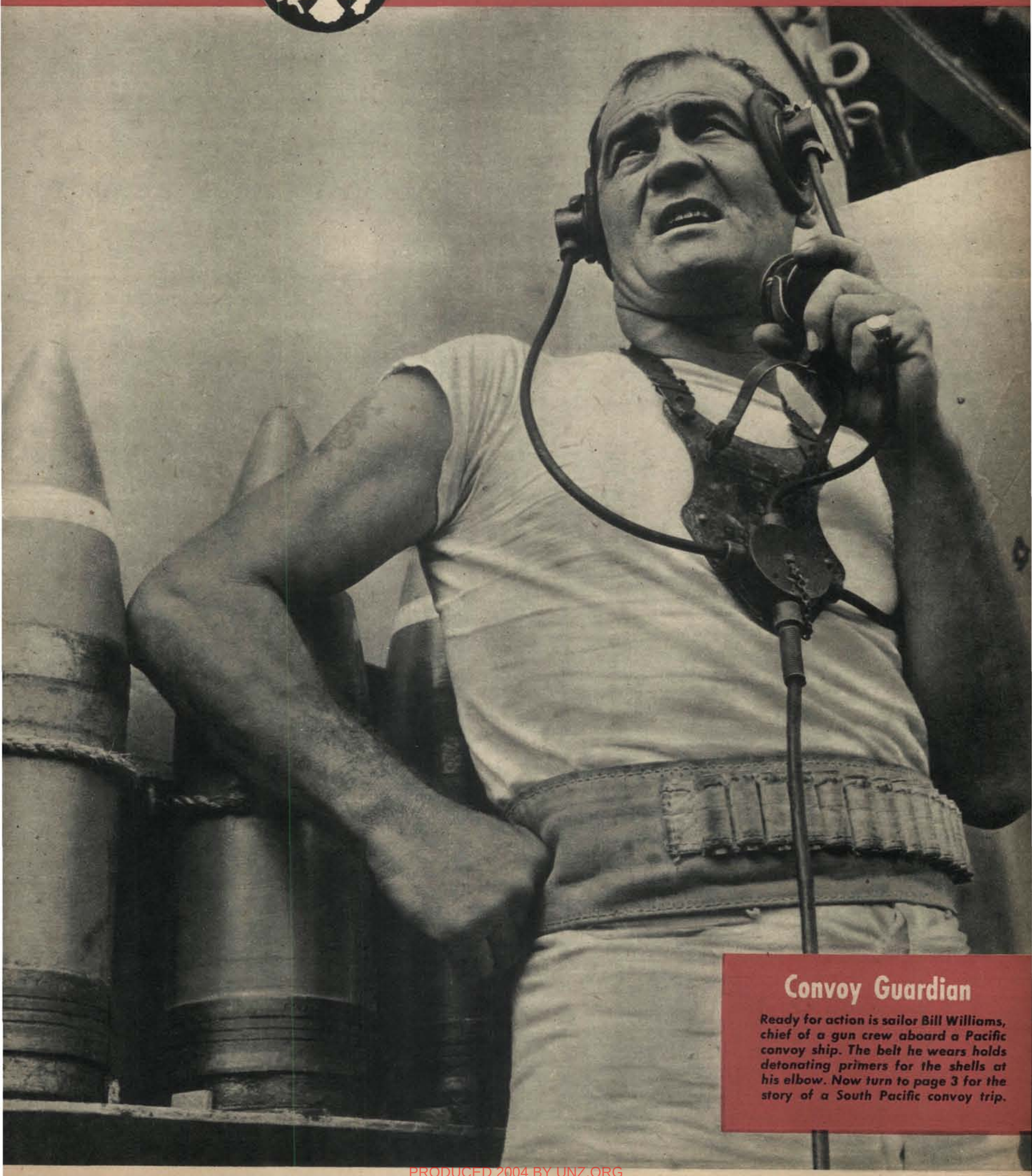
By the men . . for the men in the service



Convoy Guardian

Ready for action is sailor Bill Williams, chief of a gun crew aboard a Pacific convoy ship. The belt he wears holds detonating primers for the shells at his elbow. Now turn to page 3 for the story of a South Pacific convoy trip.

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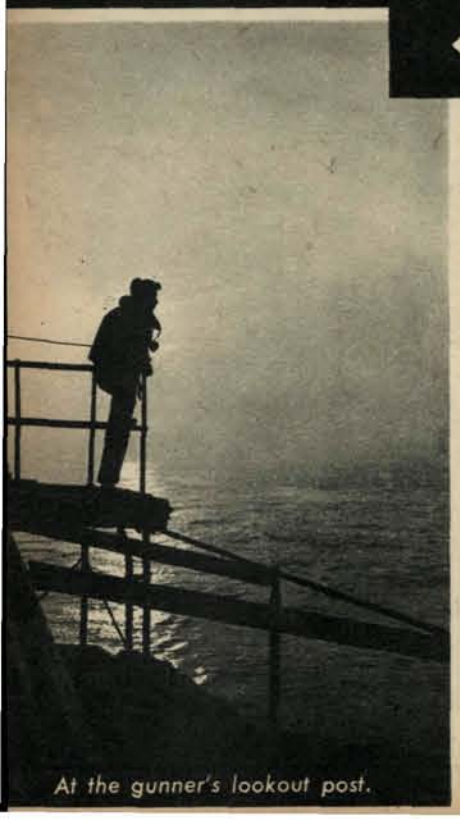
Just looking at this picture is enough to get some landlubbers seasick, but these soldiers seem to be bearing up pretty well. The North Atlantic, she can get rough!

Journey To Iceland



At the gunner's lookout post.

The Navy and the Army get together in a gun turret.

This is the fashion in hats on that Iceland voyage.

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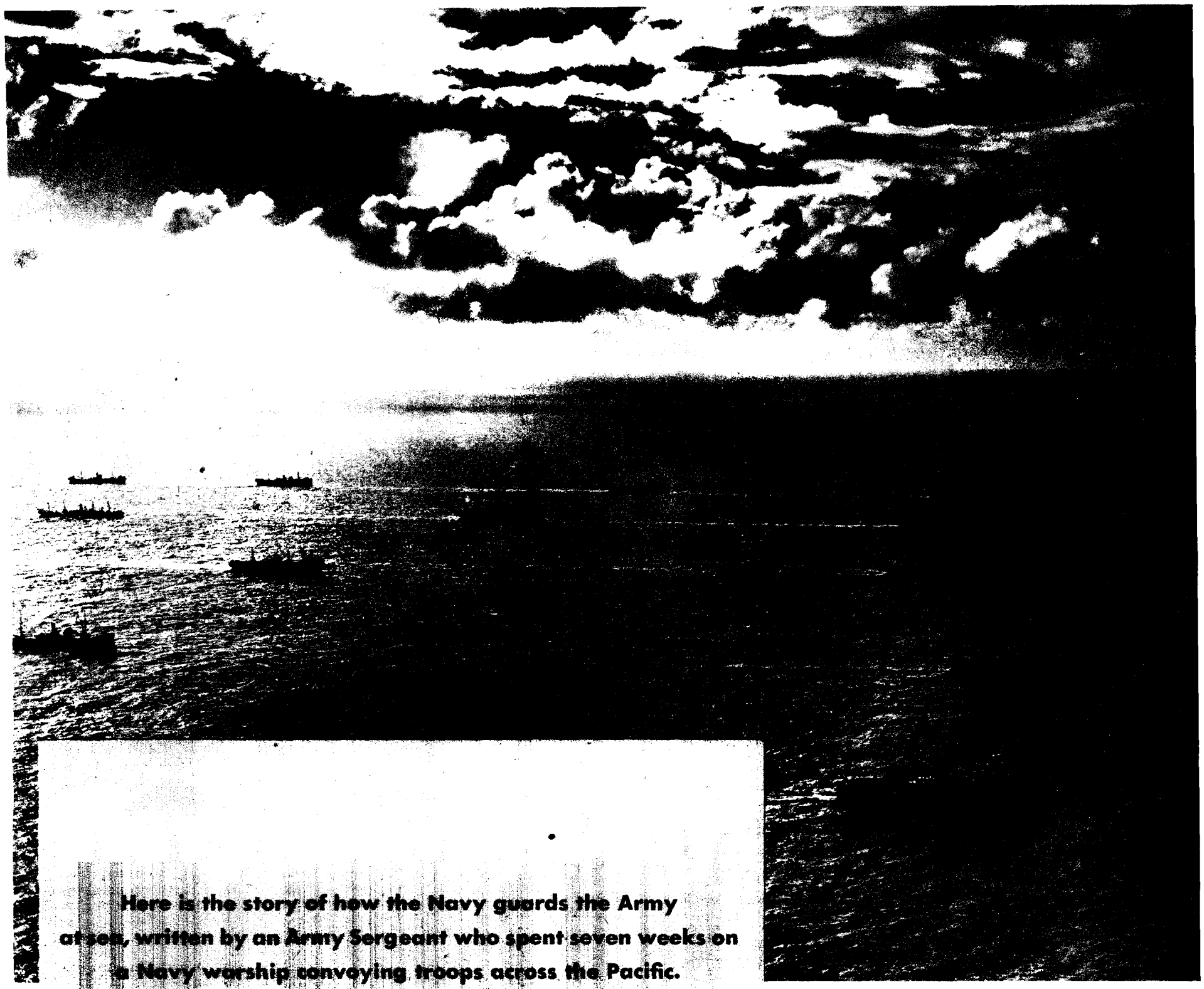

Here is the story of how the Navy guards the Army at sea, written by an Army Sergeant who spent seven weeks on a Navy warship convoying troops across the Pacific.

By SGT. LADD HAYSTEAD
YANK Staff Correspondent

ABOARD THE U.S.S. _____ AT SEA—Whistles, bells, bugles and the rarely silent loudspeaker of the public-address system in every compartment—all day long, all night long. That's life aboard a convoying warship of Uncle Sam's Navy.

How do sailors sleep in all that racket? They don't—much. Give one of them a chance for a few minutes' shut-eye and he'll cork off sitting up, lying down, leaning against a bulkhead or even standing.

But if his name or the number of his division sounds off, he's awake and alert in an instant. Sometimes it seems as if they are on their feet, moving to obey an order, even before they are fully awake. But there is no fogginess when they reach the job.

In most military organizations a few men stand guard while many sleep. In the Navy on convoy duty, it's just the other way around. At any given hour there seem to be more people awake and on the job than there are asleep. And that's the No. 1 reason why the U. S. Navy holds the world's record for bringing Army transports through safely to foreign battle fronts.

The second reason is guns and the gunners that man them. If you crawl up on a mast or squirm your way up to a fighting top and look down, the ship below gives the impression of a porcupine. Everywhere there are spines sticking out—spines that are capable of pouring a solid stream of explosive bullets out of wicked-looking tubes. They are guns that look and sound like pipe organs from hell—small guns, large guns, odd guns, familiar guns and monsters that need a battery of engines to operate them.

These guns never grow lonesome. Every minute of every hour of the 24 there's a crew standing by, ready to spring into action in split seconds. Nor is there any chance that crew will be caught napping. At any moment orders may rattle through the telephones for drill.

Foul weather garb

For instance, through the hatch just overhead, I can see a Marine corporal with binoculars to his eyes. He is doing his stint of the ceaseless watch across the whitecaps. As far as eye can see on three sides there is nothing but choppy water. On the fourth side are the squat workmanlike transport ships loaded with thousands of soldiers.

Rock, the corporal is called by his mates. A good man, they say. He was credited with shooting down two planes last Spring. Ought to have been credited with two more but not enough guys saw them hit the water to make them count. Rock comes from Minneapolis and is captain of the gun crew.

Pretty Scene of Teamwork

Then there's Samson from Ashland, Ky. You can see where he got his nickname. Muscles bulge out all over his shoulders. He's the trainer. Then there's Messy from St. Louis, the first loader, and Lugan from Chicago, the second loader. Lugan doesn't know how he got his nickname. "They just call me that," he explains.

Suddenly Rock drops his glasses into their case and words rocket from his mouth. He wiggles the earphones to better hearing position, adjusts the transmitter on his chest.

"Stations!" he yells.

Samson jumps into his harness. Messy swings the loaded ammunition clip from its waiting holder to its place on the gun. Lugan helps to lock it home from the other side.

Then it's as pretty a scene of teamwork as a

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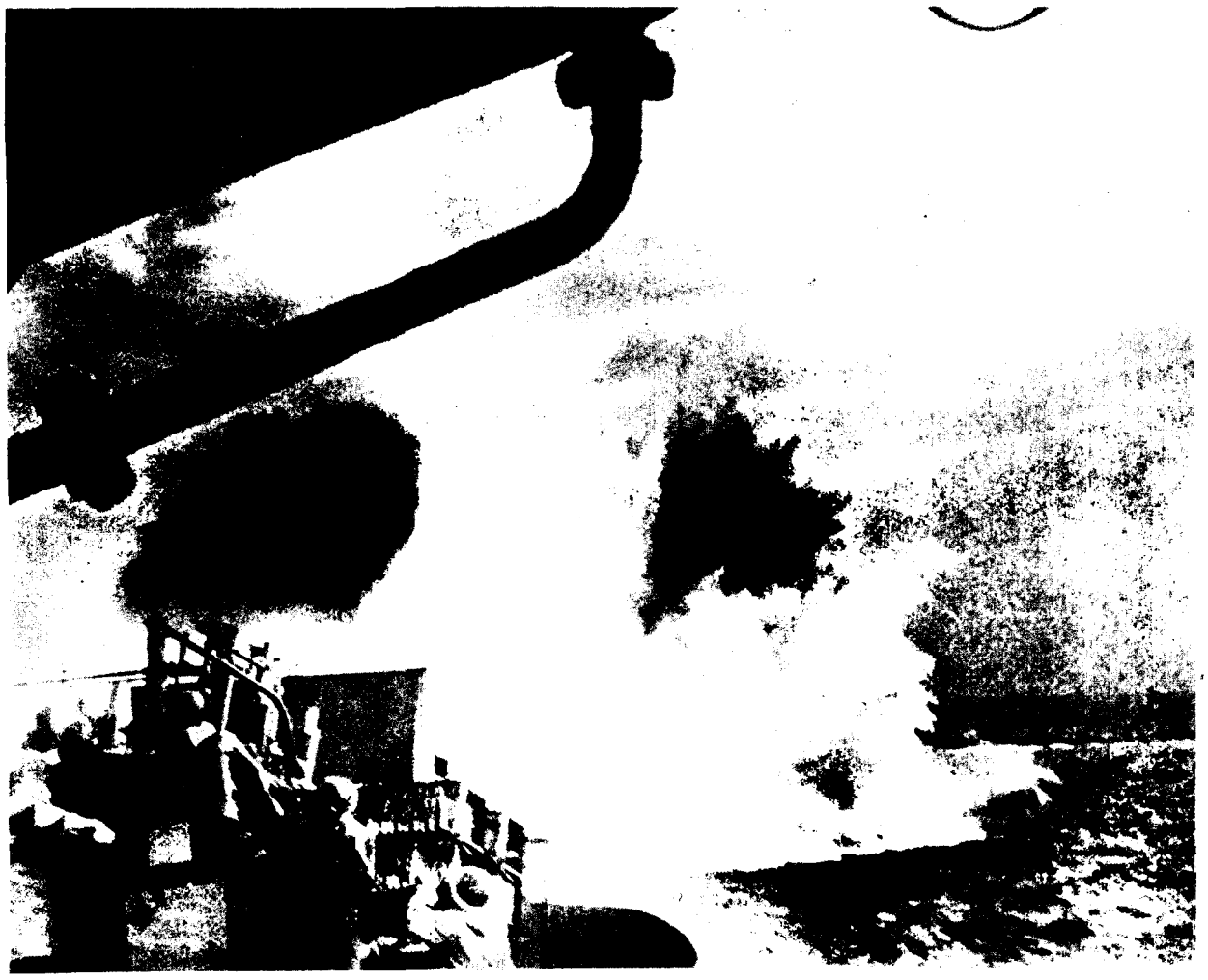

Some quick thinking—and turning—by a skipper, and a Nazi dive bomber misses his target.

crack basketball team going for the winning goal in a Big Ten game.

"Dive bomber—two-seven-o," Rock snaps, and the gun elevates and swings to position almost before his voice has stopped.

"Commence firing — ammunition expended — broken hammer — change barrels — ammunition expended — torpedo plane dead ahead — dive bomber nine-o — ammunition expended. . . ."

The orders rattle out as they are received from the fire-control officer through the telephone. The crew moves swiftly and smoothly without a hitch.

Everything that could happen in action is simulated. The Navy is realistic even when it drills.

"No. 1 loader a casualty," Rock barks.

Messy falls out. A replacement seems to appear out of the deck and the drill goes on. Finally, when everybody is in a fine sweat, comes the order, "Stand easy."

That's all for the moment, but the whole thing may start again in a few minutes, or maybe not for several hours. In any case that drill is never allowed to get more than a few hours rusty. Safety of your convoy means that the boys have to be able to man those guns in pitch black, at high noon or anytime in between. And they can literally do it blindfolded.

It's not only drill in handling all the guns on the ship, under all conditions and at any hour of the day, but there's plenty of firing practice, too.

Now it's firing at—and riddling—a sleeve towed by a plane. Again it's boring holes through a burst of shrapnel put up by another gun. That's really split-second firing and hitting. Or maybe it's the big guns accurately plunking their shells into the wake of a sister ship off on the horizon. Notice it is all done on moving targets.

Never an Idle Moment

When this sort of exercise isn't going on, you'll find a detachment lined up on the deck with skeet guns in hand. They aren't out there for fun. Shooting skeet from the swaying deck of a moving warship calls for super-sharp eyes and 100 per cent coordination between eye and muscle. So the gunners shoot skeet while they are "resting."

Of course, all the skill in the world isn't going to help if the other fellow gets the drop on you. That's why there isn't just one lookout or two or a half-dozen. Actually, there are men scanning the seas and the skies from every gun, and from the bridges, the locaters and vantage points all over the vessel.

Add to this some mighty complicated and accurate mechanical devices. They can't be discussed but you've heard rumors about them—devices as uncanny in operation and accuracy as that machine in Smithsonian Institution which will solve highly complex mathematical problems in ten seconds.

In some places blimps float overhead. On almost all routes both land- and ship-based planes scout up and down the waters, far ahead and far behind, out of your sight.

A warship is a miniature city and like all cities there is no end to the repair and maintenance which must go on to keep things running efficiently. So when it's not time for a man to stand watch at the guns or the engines, he's busy keeping the ship in running shape.

That's one reason the public-address system is never quiet. Someone is always finding something that isn't in the best possible shape. The job of fixing it isn't put off until tomorrow or until there's a captain's inspection.

There's a whistle over the p.-a. system, then a sour bosun's voice. "Dokes, Jones, Smith, Doe—seamen second class, lay up to the well deck and report to Mr. Johnson." Or, "Five men from each division lay after to the fantail." Or, "Mr. Bilge call one-one."

Then there is school. Everybody on the ship seems to be in school at one time or another. You don't get your Navy stripes just by being in good standing with the powers that be. You've got to study and take examinations. If you pass your written and oral tests and show by practical work that you understand the answers, stripes are almost automatic.

This school work isn't limited to enlisted men. The officers have to go in for it also. They get gunnery school, chemical-warfare school, and special lectures and problems on all sorts of nautical odds and ends.

And, if these activities still haven't used up all your energy there's at least one more little chore to keep you on the alert. It's that old routine we know so well—the one that always brings groans and cussing. Yep—calisthenics. The Navy does it, too, only instead of a stable parade ground, they dance around on a heaving deck. Whether you like it or not you get a thorough workout, for just keeping your balance is enough to make the laziest work up a sweat.

With all this, do sailors gripe? Sure they do, just like we gripe all the time.

But do they envy us?

In the Navy, Jeep Means Gun Gadget and Boot Is a Recruit

ABOARD THE U.S.S. _____ AT SEA—That soldiers and sailors can't stay in the same room together without getting into a fight may have been true once, but it isn't anymore, at least according to the men on this ship.

Soldiers are all right, the sailors will tell you, except that they don't understand plain English when it is spoken to them. Of course by "plain English" they mean their own brand of sea-lingo.

Here's a partial list of the most commonly used sailor expressions and their equivalent in soldier's English. The list has been checked with the oldtimers in the Navy mess where your reporter is getting his chow temporarily, so if there are any errors which our sailor readers may claim, blame it on the Navy —not us.

Adrift—Anything that is floating around unattached. As a blonde in a night club without an escort.

Above—Upstairs.

Aloft—In the air, or above even above.

Axle-grease—Butter.

Beach—Any dry land; not just a strip of sand beside the water. A sailor on shore station is "on the beach." A sailor out of a job is "on the beach."

Belay—Strictly cartoonist lingo, or some wise guy trying to show off.

Below—Downstairs.

Boot—A recruit. Ditto for Marines.

Chow—Chow.

Chief—Chief petty officer; also, the correct way to address any sailor who wears three stripes down and one up.

Deck—The floor; anything you stand on afloat or ashore. Thus, a sailor who suggests a little African entertainment on the deck wants to shoot craps.

E—The Navy sign for excellence.

Foul, or foul up—Trouble or being in trouble or to get some one in trouble. Thus, if a sailor gets all fouled up with a skirt, he's got babe trouble.

Gob—They never call themselves that. Must be a civilian word.

Hit the sack—Go to bed.

Jeep—Not a recruit nor a four-wheeled vehicle, but a gadget used in gunfire.

Lay—To go. If you lay above or below, you go upstairs or downstairs. If you lay aft for a beer, you're going to the back bar for a scuttle of PX juice.

Mate—The proper way to address a sailor. All sailors are "mates" to each other.

Messkid—A guy on KP.

Mister—What you call anyone from warrant officer to commander. From and including "commander" you use the officer's title. If you don't know an officer's name in the "mister" list then call him by title.

Secure—The oddest darned word in their vocabulary. Seemingly, it means to stop, finish, tie down and start breakfast. Thus, secure from battle stations means you're done with that stint; secure from scuffling on the deck means to stop horsing around; secure a broad means what it says; and for a week now we have heard "secure messkids" come as an order, whereupon a lot of guys in white pants get up and start breakfast. So figure it out yourself.

Shove-off—To leave. If you're out with a sailor and he says "Let's shove off from this scow, mate," it means, "Let's gettahell outa the joint, pal."

Smoking lamp—If the smoking lamp is lit, help yourself to a smoke. If it's out—kill the butt.

Broad, twist, floozey, gull, tramp, babe, wench, toots et al mean the same to sailors as they do to you.

Sailors at sea talk about women, booze, women, current events and women. Soldiers talk about—well, why repeat it?

If you detect a lot of words in sailor talk that sound more like Texas, Iowa or any other middle-continent state it's because most sailors come from places far from the sea.

When a sailor says So-and-So scuttled himself, he means the guy knocked himself out.

But when a sailor ties one on after 1800 and scuttles himself, then hits the sack blind and is ready for sick bay at general quarters—brother, that means he's got a hangover, even as you and I.

SGT. LADD HAYSTEAD

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Not a bit of it. They look across the water at the transports and feel downright sorry for the Army.

Why? Well, for one thing the Army doesn't get coffee 24 hours a day. Sailors do.

The Army doesn't see a new port every now and then. The Army doesn't play acey-deucey. They are convinced the Army doesn't chow as well, doesn't get shower baths as often, has to wear an uncomfortable uniform instead of easy-going dungarees, and—tie this—sailors say their officers are more human than Army officers. They believe this because a ship is more like a home with officers as older brothers in the same house, rather than a race apart who live at an officers' club in a rarified atmosphere too thin for an enlisted man's lungs.

And don't believe that old yarn about all sailors hating all Marines and vice versa. Maybe it was true once. We wouldn't know. But today on convoy duty you can take it as gospel truth that sailors and Marines get along as well as, say, the Signal Corps and the Infantry.

Hospitality for a Stray Soldier

And that brings us down to a fact that should be mentioned in bold-faced type: when it comes to hospitality the Navy doesn't take a back seat for anyone, even if you are a stray soldier wandering around a convoying warship. The only thing you have to worry about is that they may stuff you with too much good food, press so many smokes on you that you could stock a PX, offer you everything from some good telephone numbers in any port you can name down to suggesting they can sew on a button or lend you a shoelace. For hospitality—give the Navy "E."

And give the Navy all the honors in the world for vigilance. All day, all night, every minute from embarkation to destination, its whistles, bells and bugles maintain that record of getting the transports through.

Believe It or Not, This Convoy Had Luxury

By YANK's Iceland Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND—You've probably seen pictures of convoys and most of you have been in one. But this trip to Iceland was different.

As soon as we went aboard the ship, the commander of the voyage, an Engineers captain from Marshfield, Mass., called the troops together in a salon where vacationing tired business men and newlyweds tippled not so long ago. When he started to talk, the G.I.s couldn't believe their ears.

"It may sound funny," he said, "but civilians will make your beds."

There was a stunned silence.

"You will eat from chinaware with tablecloths," he continued calmly. "You won't have KP details. Meals will be from 8 to 10, from 12 to 2, and from 5 to 7."

A luxury cruise to war? Well, maybe not, but a steward clanging a brass bell called these soldiers to mess where they sat, anywhere from two to 10 at a table covered with red-and-white-checkered cloths, while waiters catered to their wants. We had our choice of tea or coffee, and here were the menus for a typical day:

BREAKFAST—Cantaloupe, hot or cold cereal, boiled cod with pork scraps, boiled potatoes, bread, butter and preserves.

DINNER—Clam chowder, baked fish a la creole, chicken a la king on toast, beans, potatoes, blueberry pudding.

SUPPER — Orange juice, vegetable soup, broiled mackerel, fresh ham, apple sauce, string beans, mashed potatoes, shrimp salad, sliced peaches, cake, fresh fruit.

There were also nightly snacks of ham, cheese or jelly on toast with tea or coffee, prepared in the pantry for the Navy watches and guard details but enjoyed by everybody on the ship who wasn't asleep.

Then there was a soft drink bar tended by a fatigue-clad chicken named Chick. A bearded merchant seaman fixed up the boys with cigarettes and candy. A Rainbow Division veteran, re-enlisted from Greencastle, Ind., supervised a collection of books and magazines. Games and deck amusements included medicine ball, boxing, darts, reading, sunbathing, shooting the bull and navigating from plentiful deck chairs. A radio operator and your YANK correspondent prepared a daily news bulletin.

A quartermaster private inaugurated nonsectarian religious worship. A Boston lieutenant played classical piano compositions. A torrid drummer from a Chicago band, now working as a Navy gunner-signalman, contributed to a Sunday night show which had an artilleryman from New York's Lower East Side as MC.

Two bits would get a G.I. clip, tempered with mercy, from a former hack driver and barber from Buffalo who set up shop on a part-time basis. His take on the trip is restricted military information. It might indicate troop strength.

But, of course, as in all Army life, there were regular details, too. Guard duty day and night. Calisthenics after reveille, plus lifeboat and fire drills. And a series of lectures by officers on training subjects, ranging from artillery tactics to the construction of igloos in the Far North.

But we won't forget those meals served by waiters in the dining room to the accompaniment of popular tunes banged out at a corner piano by an Oyster Bay (N. Y.) landscape gardener and a Fall River (Mass.) taxidermist.

YANK correspondent arrives in Iceland.

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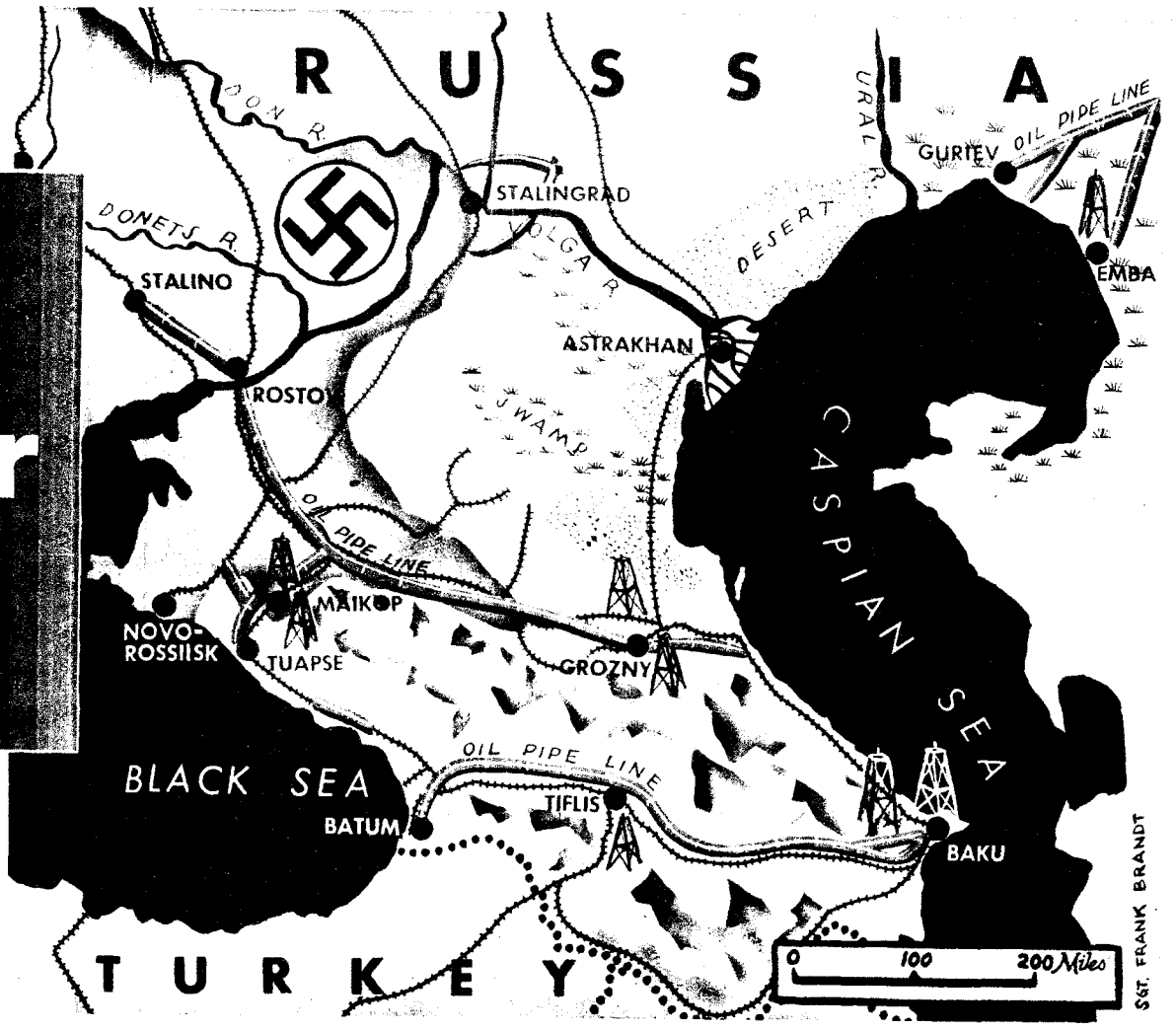
Hitler Fights for OIL



LAST year at this time the barracks-bag strategists said that unless Germany completed her Russian campaign before the snows of 1942, she had lost the war. Nobody disputed their argument then.

But now the snows have arrived, Germany has not yet won the Caucasus. She is facing her second Winter in the Caucasus Mountains and the Russian Steppes. It's time to catch up the barracks-bag strategists on the whole situation.

The statement that Germany would lose unless she won this Summer was based on the speculation that the Nazi war machine desperately needs oil. Inside Germany production of oil is 1 per cent of the world's supply, or 430,000 tons. To keep her war machine moving, Germany needs 20,000,000 tons of oil a year. Nobody could see how Germany could keep 'em rolling and flying without new sources of oil, although everybody knows the Nazis have been storing up oil for the last six years.

In the Caucasus is more oil than Germany needs, 17 per cent of the world's supply. The Russians refined 30,000,000 tons of high grade oil in the Caucasus in 1940, and undoubtedly have stepped up production since that time. When the German drive into the Caucasus started last Spring, everybody said, "This confirms what we knew all the time. Germany is desperate. She's got to have that oil, but quick."

Facts About German Oil Supplies

Now in November, the German war machine is still operating, her factories are operating, and there is no sign, as yet, of a shortage of oil. What are the facts?

1. Just before the war, Germany in preparing for war, was using 6,000,000 tons of oil a year. Her domestic production was 430,000 tons. Needed from outside: 5,570,000 tons. Part of this was taken up by production of 2,100,000 tons of synthetic petroleum products, which are not of high grade and are three times as expensive to produce as refined petroleum. For war, Germany would need 20,000,000 tons a year.

2. So Germany began to store reserves. In 1938 Hitler said the Reich needed no imports to keep going. But in that same year he imported 6,000,000 tons—enough to move a war machine about four months. He probably stored all of it. With reserves accumulated before 1938, and with those imported in 1939, he had a pool at least big enough for one year of war.

3. But, in the first year of war, he added to reserves, instead of depleting them. He captured, due to failure to destroy stocks on hand, oil supplies of between two and three million tons, and his campaigns were so quickly ended that he did not spend that much oil in his war machine. So he gained a net oil profit.

4. In addition, he grabbed a lot of oil wells, which gave him a continuous supply. Austria-Slovakia wells produce 120,000 tons a year; Polish, 470,000 tons; France, 75,000 tons; Hungary, 360,000 tons; Albania, 200,000 tons.

5. In the same year he moved in and practically took over the Rumanian oil fields, taking four-fifths of the Rumanian oil production of 5,600,000 tons. In the next year Hitler stepped up production of Rumanian refineries so that he is probably getting at least 6,000,000 tons a year from them now.

6. By the end of the 1941 campaign, therefore, Hitler had in his hands, from all sources, about 7,225,000 tons per year of oil production, and in his conquests he had burned up no more oil than he had seized in reservoirs of the conquered countries. So he still had the big reserve supply he had hoarded before the war. He was in much better shape than the previous year.

7. Then came 1942. It was expensive in consumption of oil supplies. Every month his machines rolled in Russia cost him an estimated 1,000,000 tons of oil. But, during the Summer, he won one of the Caucasian fields at Maikop, which the Russians had developed until it produced about 2,000,000 tons a year. The Russians destroyed their equipment, but two months after the conquest new wells had been drilled, and on Oct. 24 a report said that French refineries had been assembled, moved and set up again at Maikop. So Hitler gained another 2,000,000 tons of oil a year, enough to keep his machine going for two months. The cost of the campaign, however, was around 6,000,000 tons of oil, or, roughly, all but 1,225,000 tons of his year's production. He still has his reserves, in that case. The U. S. Board of Economic Warfare now estimates that Hitler has on hand a balance of 2,500,000 tons of oil, and of course, he'll produce a lot more during the Winter, in anticipation of a new drive in the Spring.

With careful planning, therefore, Germany can probably keep rolling another Summer, without conquering new oil sources. But good lubricating oil is still at a premium. The Rumanian wells produce oil of inferior quality. It takes 20 quarts of Rumanian oil to do the lubricating job of six quarts of Caucasian oil. Germany now is doping up its poor oil with wax and other substances in an effort to get more air and tank miles out of its lubricants. So, although the Nazis badly need that Caucasus oil, they can get along for some time without it.

There is a defensive, as well as an offensive reason why Germany wants Russia's oil. About 77 per cent of Russia's oil production comes from the Caucasus wells still in her possession. Germany, therefore, would not only gain oil by taking the Caucasus, but would cut down Russia's vital supply of it, too.

Further, strategically, the Caucasus region is dangerously close to the oil of Iran, Iraq and Syria, which between them produce 4,700,000 tons of oil a year, enough to supply the United Nations in the Mediterranean, North Africa, the Middle East, India and China.

Germany, in possession of the Caucasus and well supplied with good oil there, would be in a position to pounce on the only United Nations sources of oil. Let Germany capture the Middle East oil, and she controls Europe, Asia and Africa, by holding all the world's oil except the inaccessible supplies in North and South America, and the oil in the hands of Germany's Axis partner, Japan.

Nazi Score Card in Russia

Here's what Germany has gained in Russia as the Nazis begin the second Winter of their campaign against the Soviets:

- **700,000 square miles of land.**
- **Penetration of 550-990 miles.**
- **77,000,000 population.**
- **35-50% of Russia's industrial output.**
- **60% of Russia's iron and aluminum.**
- **30-50% of Russia's electric power.**
- **35% of Russia's manganese.**
- **60-75% of Russia's coal.**
- **40% of grain producing farms.**
- **The Maikop oil fields (6,000 tons daily).**

Here's How Russians Mousetrap Nazi Guards and Tackles

How the German Army operates in Russia, and how the Soviets defend, is well described by the action Oct. 22 in the Caucasus campaign on the Terek River near Mozduk.

Three motorized regiments, the Germania, Westland and Nordland, supported by tanks, AA guns and FA units, attacked behind two echelons of tanks, 30 in number, which covered foot soldiers equipped with submachine guns.

Russian forces were deployed with a regiment of artillery and anti-tank units out ahead of the infantry defended by machine gunners and backed up by a reserve firing position for each field gun, anti-tank gun, rifleman and machine gunner.

Russian advance anti-tank guns engaged the attacking tanks in small groups while the artillery separated the advancing infantry from its tank cover. Tanks which broke through were destroyed by divisional anti-tank reserves in the rear. German infantry, its tank support gone, was destroyed by the machine gunners who protected the advance artillery.

The entire Nazi attack was thereby absorbed without loss of ground or position by the defending Soviet force.

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ST PHASE

Russia's feat of holding off the full might of the German Army during 1942 is, according to military analysts, one of the great defenses of all time. The six phases of that defense are reconstructed here to show graphically what the Russians were up against and what they did to counteract a powerful all-out offensive by three of Germany's best generals. That Russia lost a lot of territory is unimportant in this campaign. On Nov. 1 Germany had not yet won her Summer's objective: the Caucasus oil fields. The details here may be slightly inaccurate but are based on best available sources.

Russia's winter counteroffensives prevented German consolidation of 1941 victories, delayed start of Caucasus offensive until June 24. In the north, Leningrad held fast. On June 1 the battle line ran south from Leningrad to Orel with a bulge north of captured Smolensk, then south through Kursk and Kharkov to the Dnieper River. Far south, Sevastopol still held after seven months of siege.

SECOND PHASE

First thrust was von Bock's, on June 24, due east from Kursk with 80 infantry and 10 panzer divisions. Object: take Voronezh, flank Stalingrad, dominate the great steppes of Russia and wheel back to the Volga at Astrakhan. Col. Gen. Mannstein assaulted the Kerch peninsula with 12 German and three Rumanian infantry divisions, renewed his attack on Sevastopol. Von Bock's right, under Marshal von Kleist, waited two weeks, then leashed from Kharkov a three-pronged smash to envelop the Donetz Basin and the Great Bend of the Don River from north, center and south. On the Moscow front a drive began northeast from Rzhev toward Kalinin, designed to encircle Moscow. Sevastopol fell July 3. By that time von Bock had been stopped cold at the Don River before Voronezh. (Note: this epic Russian defense saved the entire Summer campaign, possibly the war.) On July 4, with Sevastopol and the Kerch peninsula cleared, von Bock gave up the Voronezh attack, turned south along the west bank of the Don, to join his center for a two-pronged attack on Stalingrad from northwest and southwest while von Kleist extended southward along the Rostov-to-Grozny oil pipe line.

THIRD PHASE

July 4 to Aug. 9. Marshal Timoshenko chose orderly withdrawal to escape encirclement south of Stalingrad, meanwhile holding Voronezh which merely anchored von Bock's left wing. By July 11 everything west of the Don in the Great Bend was Germany's. Reaching Rossosh, Germany cut the railroad that connected the north and south Russian armies. On July 17 von Bock's center, now southwest of Stalingrad, circled toward the city, the left wing attacked Stalingrad from the northwest, and von Kleist continued toward a junction with von Mannstein in the Caucasus foothills. Von Bock crossed the Don at Kotelnikov on Aug. 5 and engaged the Stalingrad defenders. Von Kleist with little resistance plowed his mechanized forces 125 miles to capture the Maikop oilfields on Aug. 9, reaching the Caucasus Mountains and von Mannstein, who had worked over from the Crimea. On the Moscow front, Russia stopped the Rzhev offensive for the second straight month.

RTH PHASE

Aug. 10 to Sept. 7. Established at Armavir on the big oil pipe line from Maikop to the Caspian Sea, the southern German wing split. Von Kleist thrust southeast toward Grozny, site of great oil wells, while von Mannstein doubled due west toward Novorossiisk on the Black Sea, home of the Soviet Caucasian fleet. Von Bock's center drove at Stalingrad from northwest and southwest, his left executing a holding movement of Voronezh to prevent flanking from the north. On Aug. 15 Mineralnye Vody had fallen to von Kleist and the Caucasus was half severed, but Stalingrad held. On Aug. 24 von Kleist was within 85 miles of Grozny but von Bock was still stopped before Stalingrad and von Mannstein was repulsed before Novorossiisk. Sept. 2 von Bock's left anchor crossed the Volga above Stalingrad and in the south the Rumanian army crossed the Kerch Strait and joined the attack on Novorossiisk, which fell Sept. 7. On the Moscow front, the Russians continued to hold east of Rzhev.

FIFTH PHASE

Autumn operations proved the wisdom of Russian tactics. A consolidated stand stopped von Bock's 15 infantry, three panzer and three motorized divisions, supported by 3,000 planes, at Stalingrad. Von Bock's left, having crossed the Volga, was vulnerable and Timoshenko counterattacked cautiously down von Bock's flank. Von Mannstein was stopped south of Novorossiisk en route down the Black Sea toward Tuapse and Batum, with the mountains on his left and the sea on his right. Von Kleist surged 65 miles to the outskirts of Mozduk, where he was stopped by Gen. Kirichenko's Cossacks at the Terek river, compelling him to split his attack into two prongs in an effort to encircle Mozduk. Here von Kleist was killed in action Sept. 20 (or suicide). On Oct. 4 von Bock sent to the failing Mozduk attack the Elite Guard and Viking Division, cream of his Stalingrad forces, and relaxed the siege of Stalingrad to heavy artillery shelling, air bombing and forays by minor forces. However, in possession of Stalingrad suburbs along the Volga River, von Bock had stopped the 30,000,000 tons of annual traffic to Russia up the Volga. On the Moscow front, the Germans had scarcely moved all summer.

SIXTH PHASE

Beginning of Winter found the New York *Times* asserting: "Over the 2,000-mile battle line Russia's ally, Grandfather Winter, was steadily advancing." The climate is much like Nebraska's, much like Colorado's in the mountains where Germany placed its crack Tyrolean and Bavarian regiments for a Winter effort to break through into Georgia. Stalingrad held, a potential beachhead for a Winter drive to cut Nazi communications between the Don and the Volga and to envelop the Nazi rear by a 300 mile march west to the Sea of Azov. Germany was still 500 miles from Baku, 400 miles from Astrakhan where the Volga meets the Caspian Sea. For the moment, and perhaps for the Winter, the oil of the Caucasus (except the Maikop field) was safe. But a Winter campaign appeared certain, for as November began a hard German drive struck the Mozduk sector, and prisoners captured by the Russians were well equipped for bitter weather with fur-lined caps, mittens and boots.

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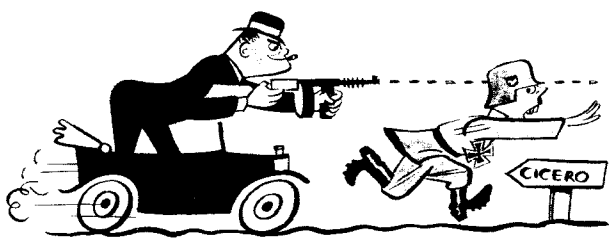
IN GUADALCANAL, one of the Solomon Islands, U. S. Marine examines a light machine gun left behind when the Leathernecks routed a Jap party.

EN ROUTE to India, U. S. troops aboard this transport put on their own show. Gloved battlers must be pretty good, judging from number of spectators.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM NEW GUINEA TO A BIRTHDAY IN AFRICA



This Sarge Studied Tommy Gun Under the Old Masters in Chicago

LONDON—The *Evening Standard* credits this story to an American Air Force officer at a U.S. fighter station.

The absence of Chicago gangsters among Yank troops in England does not suprise the British people because they always suspected that movie stuff was overdone. But a few of them might have been astounded if a certain sergeant in a U.S. fighter squadron had crossed the Atlantic with his outfit.

It seems that the first day the squadron was issued new tommy guns back home, the sergeant showed unusual familiarity with them. As soon as one of the guns was placed in his hands, he broke it down effortlessly and explained the details of all the parts. His bewildered major remarked that he seemed to be a learned expert on the subject of tommy guns.

"Well, sir," the sergeant said, "you see, I once hadda take these things apart in the back of a car going 70 miles an hour."

Then he proceeded to the firing range and, jamming the gun against his hip, blew the target to bits.

A polite investigation revealed that the sergeant was formerly a resident of Chicago and had once served five and a half years in Atlanta for bootlegging, a little item which he had neglected to mention on his enlistment papers.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

English Girls May Like Our Talk But They Don't Go For Our Walk

LONDON—Don't believe the story appearing in at least one London newspaper that we'll all soon be wearing single battle dress, to bring our uniforms more in keeping with those of the other United Nations.

A British psychologist decided that one big reason U. S. soldiers so fascinate British girls is that the Yanks talk with the same accents as male Hollywood film stars. But, talk or no talk, English dames think we walk sloppily.

Yanks who have never been in New York get the wrong impression of subways from London's underground. It's far cleaner and quieter than Gotham's, and the maps make traveling on it much more convenient. It has plush seats, too.

Current gag among Britons: "I say, did you hear the news? Two Englishmen were seen yesterday in Piccadilly Circus."

An American soldier was strolling serenely up Piccadilly the other day, keeping one eye open for a tobacconist's and the other on the female forms that were passing by. Suddenly he observed, with some measure of alarm, an approaching English gentleman, impeccably dressed in derby, black coat and striped pants, a monocle in his eye, and gloves and a cane in his hand. The gentleman's manner and the sparkle in his eye gave evidence that he was about to speak to the Yank. As they came abreast, both men paused. The Englishman grinned broadly.

"What d'yuh know, Joe?" he said.

YANK'S LONDON BUREAU

Yanks Bet Battle of Africa Will Be Won by Washington's Birthday

CAIRO [By Cable]—Yanks on the front lines with the British 8th Army in the Western Desert offensive against Rommel are betting that this Battle of Africa will be all over and in the Allied bag sometime between Christmas and Washington's Birthday.

That's what Sgt. Al Voke of Boston was telling me the other night. He's seen plenty of action since this fight started, driving food and supplies from the quartermaster depot here up to the Air Force bases in the combat zone.

I was talking with him in a little sidewalk cafe where he dropped in to grab a couple of fried eggs and chips after pushing his truck back and forth from the Allied lines for three solid days. He had seen the British start off in their tanks on the opening drive against the Nazis.

"But I couldn't find out how the fighting was going until I made a trip back here to the repair shops and read about it in the papers," he said. "You can't follow these desert battles. They're too scattered and that damn dust covers everything."

Voke's supply-convoy job brings him into daily contact with the Yanks who are seeing action and he finds them more enthusiastic about the offensive every time he sees them.

"We've all been working hard to get this show going," he says. "And it's a great relief to find that it is actually started and we're covering ground at last."

Voke and the other G.I.s in the Services of Supply here tossed their working schedule out the window when the fireworks started. Most of them have been on the job 22 hours a day, sweating it out with food and ammunition shipments and overhauling tanks, trucks, planes and combat cars that Tommies and Yanks have taken through the mill.

Except for them, you'd never know from the looks of this city that there was an offensive in the Western Desert. The sales in the streets of newspapers with war headlines have jumped up tremendously but Cairo is still its same old noisy, peacetime self. The dragomen are button-holing strangers, trying to sell them tours to the Pyramids as usual, and the bazaar districts are as crowded as ever.

SGT. BURGESS SCOTT
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

Razor Shortage Makes New Guinea Look Like the House of David

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA [By Radio]—There are supposed to be a great many different types of soldiers in this highly specialized Army, but, when you come right down to it, there are really only two kinds of G.I.s—those who use

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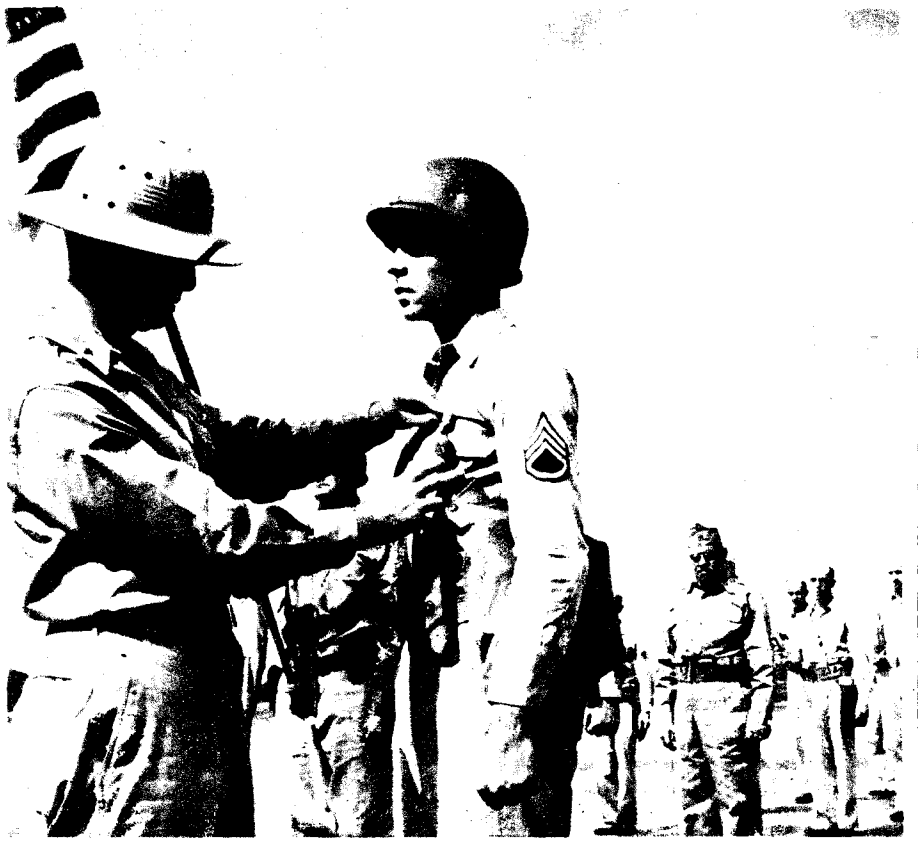
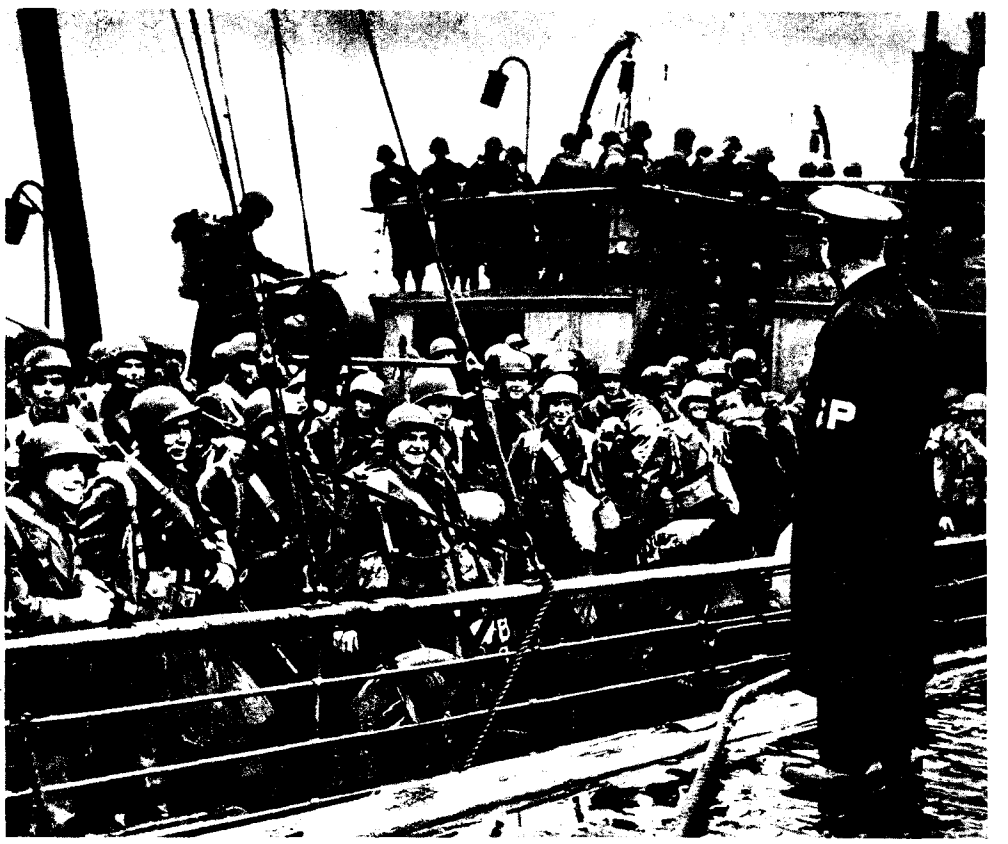


IN CARIBBEAN area, Brig. Gen. Russell Randall pins the Soldier's Medal on Sgt. Fred Parler of Harleyville, S. C. Parler saved a pilot from a burning plane.



IN BRITAIN, American troops are eager to step on British soil as vessel carries them to dock. Shore Patrol Chief Petty Officer John Lafel greets them.

single-edge razor blades and those who use th double-edged ones.

Maybe this division of the species is not so noticeable in training camps, where the Post Exchanges are equipped with affable young salesladies, juke boxes and razor blades of every variety, but when you get to a place like New Guinea, where there are no young ladies and the sight or sound of a juke box would probably make the natives tremble in the bush, it is very real and apparent.

Razor blades of all kinds are so scarce that the only people who seem never to run out of them are the censors, and buying single-edged ones is about as reasonable a notion as extracting a chocolate milk shake from a rubber tree.

If, then, a lot of the American service troops and airmen now serving here start sporting lush beards in the snapshots they send home, the reason will not entirely be that they are going native.

Not that they aren't getting close to the soil; some of them, pushing through the reluctant jungle, have marched doggedly in mud up to their armpits. They are getting more and more familiar, too, with the ways of the natives, who have been performing valiant service in the Allied cause by acting as porters and guides for parties of troops plowing through country where a light pack stripped down to the barest essentials still feels like a deep-sea diver's full field equipment.

There are supposed to be unfriendly natives here, but so far the Yanks have managed to steer clear of them, and the friendly ones have conferred favors on us well beyond the line of their duty.

One native porter, dazzled by the stripe on a corporal's arm, appointed himself the startled noncom's houseboy and, at the end of each day's trek, scampered about solicitously preparing him a shelter for the night, fetching him water and concocting magnificent salads for him from obscure fresh fruits.

Throughout this island, there are curious bits of evidence of the present-day fusion of the military and the tropical. Take a stroll one night and you'll trip over a vine casually strung by nature across your path; take a stroll the next night and you'll take an equally unexpected header over some deviously-planted strands of barbed wire. The heat lightning and the ack-ack take turns brightening the night sky; the crocodile and the engineer testing for bacteria content splash in the same swift-running streams; the cluttering military convoys carrying the supplies of war share the dirt highways with quiet processions of natives padding along on bare feet under loads of unripe bananas.

There are plenty of weird combinations around, but none so strange, perhaps, as the spectacle of a coal-black native, with wild bushy hair, rings in his ears, bracelets on his arms, and a brilliant red skirt draped from his waist, standing patiently in a chow line, with a G.I. mess kit clutched expectantly in one aboriginal hand.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

AFRICA....

YANK Reporter Spends Birthday Visiting Rommel Supply Base

SOMEWHERE IN THE WESTERN DESERT [By Cable]—I just spent my birthday visiting one of Rommel's headquarters.

But I didn't get any handshakes from the Nazis because they couldn't reach that high. I happened to be sitting in the nose of a B-25, hitting 270 per, and watching a U. S. bombardier empty a bellyful of bombs on the nerve center of a German panzer division while a pack of red-nosed fighter planes hovered protectively around us.

Jerry left us alone, except for a handful of flak which broke the skin of a couple of ships. Eighty minutes after the bombers' wheels left the runway the whole show was over, and the ground crews were gassing the ships again and loading more bombs.

I reached the airdrome the night before the flight. The red sun was going down, and when the sun goes down on the desert, the heat goes, too. A man feels cold to the bone. I slept in a sweater, jacket, blankets and a bedroll.

In the early morning I was awakened by a siren which I thought was the usual signal to rise and shine. Actually it was an air-raid alarm, but the raid never came. We stayed up to watch the sunrise silhouetting a swarm of bombers that were dispersed on the field.

Later we were wised up on the objective. We were going after the headquarters and transportation pool of the 15th Panzer Regiment, west of us. We were taking B-25s, called Michells and Baltimores in these parts, with a squadron of fighters to keep us from getting lonesome. Some of the fighter planes carried bombs, too.

My pilot was Lt. Bill Bryant of Houston, Texas. Our plane was unnamed, but Bryant says that when his baby arrives back home in the States he'll name the plane for the kid.

This was the crew's 13th flight, and it was my 26th birthday. They called the sweep my birthday party, but it was Rommel who got the presents.

At noon we were on the line, our motors turning, and at 12:15 we were rolling. We circled, picked up our fighter escort, and we were on our way. Below we could see our trucks rolling toward the front with supplies. We were moving along in V formations. The Baltimores were on our left and above us were the fighters. There were both U.S. and British insignia in the flight.

We climbed in perfect formation over the blue Mediterranean, flying so close that the planes' wingtips overlapped, and I could see the navigator of the left ship in our formation chewing gum while the rear gunner moodily scanned the wake of his ship. Above us rode the fighters—weaving, zooming, watching, like men dribbling on a basketball court.

We left the sea, and Bryant pointed out a cloud of smoke and dust and haze below us. "That's the fight," he said.

Somewhere down below in the heat and dust of the desert, the British 8th Army was locking horns with Rommel, but we were too high to make head or tail of the battle. At 7,000 feet tanks looked like ants, and you can't see men at all. I knew we were getting near our objective because I could see the bomber crews putting on tin hats and bombardiers checking their delicate instruments.

Bryant told me to keep my eyes open because we would be over the target any second now. I could see our bombers flattening out and I wondered if the panzermen had spotted us yet. I got my answer as black puffs of smoke appeared around us. The Nazi antiaircraft guns had opened up.

"There 'tis," Bryant said.

Then I got my first glimpse of a real bombing target. There was a railroad on one side and a motor road on the other; between the two was the motor pool and the panzer headquarters. From where I was the buildings looked like ants, but they were just the kind of ants we were after. I was startled when a horn blew, announcing that the bomb doors were open. I couldn't feel any noticeable difference as we dumped our load.

Outside the sky seemed full of planes spewing bombs. Then there were two horn blasts and the doors shut. Wide open, we headed back toward the sea.

Everything happened too quickly for me to see where the bombs struck, but the navigator said that a good part of the load hit squarely on the target. All this had happened in 30 minutes. Thirty-five minutes later we were back at the airdrome.

Ten minutes later the ground crews had the planes ready for the next sweep.

Some birthday party.

SGT. GEORGE AARONS
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

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NEWS FROM HOME

U.S. Puts Limit of $25,000 Per Year on Net Salaries

WASHINGTON—"Money isn't everything," said Betty Grable, who is living proof of her words.

Bing Crosby, who made $400,640 last year, allowed he'd not let a thing like income bother him.

That is how Hollywood, hardest hit of all, reacted to a new Federal edict, limiting net salaries, after taxes, to $25,000 a year.

Aside from scores of movie stars, the men who have most to lose are Louis B. Mayer, of Loew's, who got $704,000 in 1941; Thomas J. Watson, of International Business Machines, who got $546,000; and Eugene Grace, of Bethlehem Steel, with $478,000.

Though President Roosevelt's own salary is fixed by law at $75,000, he instructed the Secretary of the Treasury to make future payments of his official salary in compliance with the regulation.

James F. Byrnes, economic stabilization director, also set up a salary stabilization unit to control salaries above $5,000. At the same time the War Labor Board, which will deal with wages and salaries less than $5,000 a year, prepared to open more than 100 local offices to consider employer applications for pay increases for their employees.

Though these broad wage-control measures are held necessary to check wartime inflation, the Treasury Department made it clear that salary increases are by no means barred for the duration, nor will small Christmas bonuses be penalized.

Manpower Board Freezes Jobs of Farm Workers

WASHINGTON—The War Manpower Commission this week announced a program freezing livestock, dairy and poultry workers to their jobs to prevent further depletion of farm labor.

This was a decisive move toward meeting America's most important wartime problem: how to distribute properly the nation's manpower among three essential activities—fighting, munitions and food production. The first will need 9,000,000 men in uniform by the end of next year; the second calls for 20,000,000 workers in war factories; the third requires 10,000,000 farm hands to grow foodstuffs for America and her allies.

Other moves are planned to stop growing labor shortages in agriculture. The National Farm Security Commission has moved more than a thousand Kentucky mountaineers, who for generations have been eking out a living on scraggy hillsides, to the fertile valleys of Connecticut, New York and other states.

It was the first trip away from home for many of the mountaineers, and the wages paid—40 cents an hour—represented small fortunes to families whose cash income in many instances had averaged $200 a year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're a YANK subscriber, but have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, *The Army Weekly*, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City.

FULL NAME AND RANK _____ A.S.N. _____

NEW ARMY ADDRESS _____

16 DIED HERE. This is the wreckage of a bus which was hit by a train at Hamtrack, a suburb of Detroit, Mich. Sixteen persons died in the crash and more than 20 were injured. Among the victims were school children and factory workers.

Is Your Home Town Here? If So Here's News

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *With this issue* YANK *starts printing brief local news items by states. These come direct to* YANK *from newspapers which know what you want to know about your home town. Here are the first reports. We hope before long to include the whole U. S. in this column, even if it takes two pages. Newspapers cooperating will be listed as we get the complete list.)*

CONNECTICUT

At New Haven, St. Raphael's Hospital opened the new $2,000,000 wing with cheerfully colored interior; Bishop McAuliffe and Dr. Verdi officiated; pleasure to be sick now. Three outhouses turned over in Foxon Halloween night; one occupied. Christmas boxes to soldiers swamped New Haven's post office; Postmaster Goode got 'em all off before Nov. 1. New Haven County led state in scrap drive; 22,000 tons including 11-story fire escape off Court Street telephone building.

MASSACHUSETTS AND MAINE

Mackerel seiners at Gloucester, Mass., are hitting the jackpot with the best catches in years. Some crews are sharing as much as $4,500 each for this season's fishing. Lawrence (Mass.) councilors are making a drive for a waiting room near the Boston and Maine Railroad's station. Persons who use the bus lines complain that it's a long cold wait between buses during the Winter. Attleboro, Mass., is bringing suit against a Boston store to recover a copy of the Declaration of Independence, sent to the city to be read to the parishioners of the First Baptist Church in 1775. Holyoke (Mass.) School Board is discussing a plan to revise the physical-education department in the high school to permit pre-flight training. In Augusta, Maine, political leaders are discussing the report that Brig. Gen. Frank E. Lowe of Portland may be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor in 1944. Others mentioned are Senator Horace Hildreth of Cumberland, and Carl R. Smith, present commissioner of agriculture. In Lowell (Mass.) on Sunday, Nov. 8, thousands of "boys" who attended St. Patrick's School will celebrate the 60th anniversary of the coming to the city of the Xaverian Brothers.

KENTUCKY

Louisville's war fund workers reported $1,188,260 raised Saturday, with final report to be made Monday. Original goal was $1,118,139. Kentucky has collected 231,592,425 pounds of scrap metal, nearing its goal of 284,562,700, or 100 pounds per person. Louisville's old post office is in process of demolition for scrap, depriving the starlings of a home. The FWA granted $111,000 for a new King's Daughters' Hospital in Ashland. Two 'teen age boys, speeding in a stolen station wagon, killed Pearl Mary Kaufman, Cane Run Road, Louisville.

EASTERN MISSOURI

Missouri Legislature meeting in a special session Nov. 4, day after election, was called by Gov. Donnell to pass deficiency appropriations, but was expected to cook up trouble for the Republicans, probably an investigation of St. Louis police department. City and state civil-service-jobs going begging in St. Louis and Missouri. Examiners refuse to lower standards, but are hiring temporary help through ads. Ha-ha-tonka Castle in Camden County, Mo., resort in Lake of Ozarks region, burned; was 28-room stone residence of late R. M. Snyder of Kansas City and his sons. Ed Hill, president Hod Carriers' Local Union in St. Louis, got three years for his part in embezzlement of $153,000 union funds—result of the union's control of construction jobs at St. Louis defense plants. Civilians are finding chewing gum hard to buy in St. Louis stores; candy bars and Lifesavers still in the racks, but no Spearmint or Juicy Fruit; Army and defense workers have first call.

Skimming The Week On The Home Front

Reporting to the American people on his recent trip to North Africa, Russia and China, Wendell Willkie demanded the establishment of a second fighting front in Europe, and expressed the hope that U. S. forces in India could soon begin an all-out attack on Burma. "Thus we will relieve the pressure of our enemies on China and Russia, those two superb fighting allies," he said. . . . A tornado leveled more than half the town of Berryville, Ark., killing at least 28 persons and injuring more than 200.

Shipbuilder Andrew Higgins of New Orleans got a contract to build 1,200 Commando-cargo and troop-transport planes. . . . To protect the sleep of defense workers, the city council of Spokane, Wash., passed an ordinance making the owners of dogs which bark, yelp or yowl liable to a $100 fine or 30 days in jail. . . . Prices of cigarettes, cigars, beer, wines, liquors and camera films went up due to new Federal excise taxes. The increases ranged from half a cent a pack on cigarettes to 50 cents a quart on liquor.

The OPA in Washington announced that it will ration coffee to civilians, effective midnight Saturday, Nov. 28, making an allowance of one pound every five weeks for each person over 15 years of age. This averages a little more than one cup of not-strong coffee a day per rationed person. . . . Saving 6,600 lives, auto-accident deaths dropped 24 per cent in the first nine months of this year, the National Safety Council reported. . . . After 11 weeks of stiff training, Clark Gable was

Lt. Clark Gable

commissioned a second lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Forces at Miami Beach, Fla.

General Marshall revealed that the Army now has 800,000 men abroad. . . . The Government assumed control of all short-wave radio. . . . In Chicago the nation's No. 1 Bad-Check Writer, who had passed 750 bogus checks totalling $40,000, tried to get a commission in the Army Specialist Corps, was nabbed by the FBI.

In Next Week's YANK

FOOD FOR FIGHTERS IN THE FRONT LINES

Sgt. Bill Davidson tells the story of one of the greatest victories we have scored over the Axis thus far—a test tube victory won by the Army's food experts in a tiny five-room laboratory hidden away in the Chicago Quartermaster Depot.

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MAIN STREET

Chicago, Ill.—The Tall Girls' Club repealed its resolution to date only six-footers. They'll go to any length, now, probably.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A homing pigeon turned up from Trenton, only 30 miles away, refused to go home.

Santa Monica, Calif.—The city passed an ordinance prohibiting any person under 21 years of age from attending swing-shift dances in public halls between 2 and 6 a.m.

Tacna, Ariz.—This town, consisting of a cafe, bar, garage, service station, laundry, six tourist cabins, post office, telegraph office and telephone exchange with eight subscribers, is for sale for $2,500. One of the town's three residents was drafted, another joined the Navy.

Dickinson, N. D.—Ten minutes after L. B. Weber caught his finger in a machine in a war plant he was at a doctor's office, 20 minutes later his finger was taken off at the second joint, 15 minutes later he was back at the job.

Corpus Christi, Texas—Nueces County's first all-Negro jury, trying a Negro woman, decided an ice-pick stabbing didn't constitute assault with a deadly weapon.

Arkansas City, Kans.—A red-headed stranger climbed into a Missouri Pacific locomotive, tooted the whistle and opened the throttle. Frantic yardmen caught him at the station after the engine ran through an open switch, left the track and wrecked a loading dock. The stranger escaped before police arrived.

UNSINKABLE. Thousands of letters salvaged from the sea, after the plane carrying them crashed, are spread out to dry on tables in the U.S. Army's post office at the Port of Embarkation in New York City. After they had dried they were again loaded on a plane for delivery overseas to you and you. Better late than never.

Cleveland, Ohio — From one Peter Flis the Immigration Department got a change - of - address card bearing this message: "My last address was Warrensville Workhouse. (Notice: I escaped.) My present address is 932 E. 73rd Street, but I'm not at home (I'm still on escape)." The Government's Alien Registration Department is still looking for Peter Flis, because he didn't specify where he was while "on escape."

Oakland, Calif. — Deputy Sheriff Clarence Creel brought his weight down from 280 to 220 pounds so he could join the Navy, passed his physical and then began to add weight. Up near the 300-pound mark and happy, he then learned 1) that his enlistment papers had been lost; and 2) that he will have to take his physical again.

Richmond, Va. — Frank I. Clark, War Production Board field worker, boarded a Pullman at Richmond for Philadelphia one night and crawled into his berth. Pleased at a good night's sleep and a smooth ride, he was up early next morning, shaved and dressed. He stepped off the train, still in the Richmond station, learned that flood waters had held up his trip.

Chicago, Ill.—One of the clauses in an agreement ending a divorce action was that the husband must come home in good humor, talk pleasantly about his work and listen to his wife tell about hers.

Pittsburgh, Pa. — Judge Thomas Marshall revoked the charter of the Doghouse Protective Association after State Liquor Control Board agents found customers buying drinks without filling out the membership application, which reads: "I understand your purpose is to work untiringly to console me in my hour of suffering after undergoing an ordeal of tongue lashing and character assassination, as well as to work untiringly to try and make my home a peaceful place to live in and get me into the good graces of the tigress I live with. Therefore I apply for membership."

Miles City, Mont. — The *Montana Daily Star* didn't go to press one day because the staff was out in the sugarbeet fields helping local farmers get in the crop.

Brooklyn, N. Y. — Racing round a street corner in his car, 19-year-old Salvatore Aurisano sent a big splash of muddy water over an Army officer, who promptly pursued him in his own car. When Aurisano was apprehended, it turned out that he had stolen the car. The judge gave him a choice of joining the Army or serving a petty-larceny term in the penitentiary. He chose the Army.

Cigarette Mooching Technique — **by PVT. URICK**

"How Tired I Am"

Santa Monica, Calif.—When a car driven by Spencer Richards collided with that of Eric Lang, Richards was arrested for drunken driving.

The judge suspended a 180-day jail sentence for Richards, but fined him one automobile tire to replace a tire on Lang's car damaged in the wreck.

COMPANY STREET

A yardbird at **Fort McClellan,** Ala., talked to his commanding officer about granting a special Class F allotment for dependents. "Do you want the allotment made out to your wife or mother?" asked the officer. "No, sir. I haven't either," the john answered. "To whom do you want the allotment made out?" the officer continued. Replied the rookie, seriously: "To myself, sir, I can use the $28 a month."

Pvt. Garland Porter of **Camp Wallace,** Texas, asked the charge of quarters to put him on KP. Claimed he wanted to get toughened up. . . . After Dolores Ott, 12-year-old acrobat, performed at the Service Men's Center in Chicago, she and her mother stayed to watch the soldiers dance with the hostesses. "Gee, mother, I wish I was 18 instead of 12," said Dolores. "Honey," drawled a voice behind her, "where Ah comes from we-all marry you at 12." . . . Sgt. Harold Monoghan, **Somewhere in the Pacific,** wrote his relatives at Lexington, Ky.: "I've been teaching the natives to play poker. Enclosed you will find money orders for $200."

Ten aggressive goats have declared squatter's rights over a portion of the impact area of **Camp Gruber,** Okla., and are holding their ground against all comers. Besides giving chase to half a hundred unsuspecting enlisted men, the other day they ran a colonel's jeep off the range. . . . A trainee at **Miami Beach AAFTTC,** Fla., applied for but did not get a ten-day emergency furlough. His emergency: "I'd like to shut off the water pipes in my house in New Hampshire. I'm afraid they'll freeze."

On the basis of a photograph, Mrs. Halford T. Kirk, 18-year-old wife of an Army corporal, was chosen "Best Girl" of the soldiers stationed at **Ladd Field,** Alaska. She is a secretary in a defense industry plant at Canton, O. During his recent Alaskan tour, Bob Hope made the selection from hundreds of pictures entered in a contest conducted by the *Midnight Sun,* post newspaper. . . . Pvt. Lynn Riggs was able to put some military snap and enthusiasm into his ushering duties at Theater No. 1, **Fort Ord,** Calif., last week. The picture was "Destination Unknown." He wrote it. . . .

Mrs. Kirk

Pvt. Vincent Del Ponte, who pedals his bicycle around **Tyndall Field,** Fla., as a messenger, is a former six-day bike rider whose speed around the Velodromes once earned him $1,800 in a single night. . . . When a heavy storm battered the town of Palacios near **Camp Hulen,** Texas, a woman kept telling other civilians: "The Lord sent this storm because the businessmen have been overcharging the Camp Hulen soldiers."

The USO recreation hall at Wendover (Utah) air base, was built in a day by 50 enlisted men and several civilians, and the first USO dance was held in it that night. . . . Pvt. Frank L. Filbert of **Camp Roberts,** Calif., found an extra $20 in his pay envelope. He returned it to his commanding officer, got a three-day pass for his honesty. . . . The **Hawaiian** *Defender* has a contest on to elect a "Cockeyed Mayor of Kaunakakai."

In a cotton-picking competition on a Georgia plantation, Pfc. Steven Skalitzy of **Camp Gordon,** Ga., assisted by Miss Jean Haverly of Augusta, picked 43 pounds of cotton to win a $10 prize. In 90 minutes 33 couples picked 1,100 pounds of cotton. . . . When a sergeant asked: "What are you doing with those leggings on?" Pvt. Floyd Boone of **Fort McClellan,** Ala., answered logically: "I thought if you didn't want them on I could take them off easier than I could put them on if you did."

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On maneuvers in Louisiana these engineers put a culvert into place in a river, with the aid of a bulldozer. A simulated gas attack accounts for the masks, making the job a little tougher. A few minutes after this picture was taken they moved on to the next obstacle which, you can wager was no less difficult.

A Martin medium bomb
scatters plenty of sand c
the Egyptian desert as it takes off to bomb Na
supply lines before opening of Britain's latest driv

[illegible] LESSON *You're not having a peek at a London burlesque* show. You are merely looking on at an illustrated lecture on how to save fuel and water. The shadow lady is demonstrating the art of conserving hot water in your bath. And please keep your mind on the hot water.

STRIKE [illegible] Helen Harmon of the WAA
has done her Yule shoppir
early, but no earlier than those who sent gifts overseas. Th
got 'em off before November started to satisfy Uncle Sa

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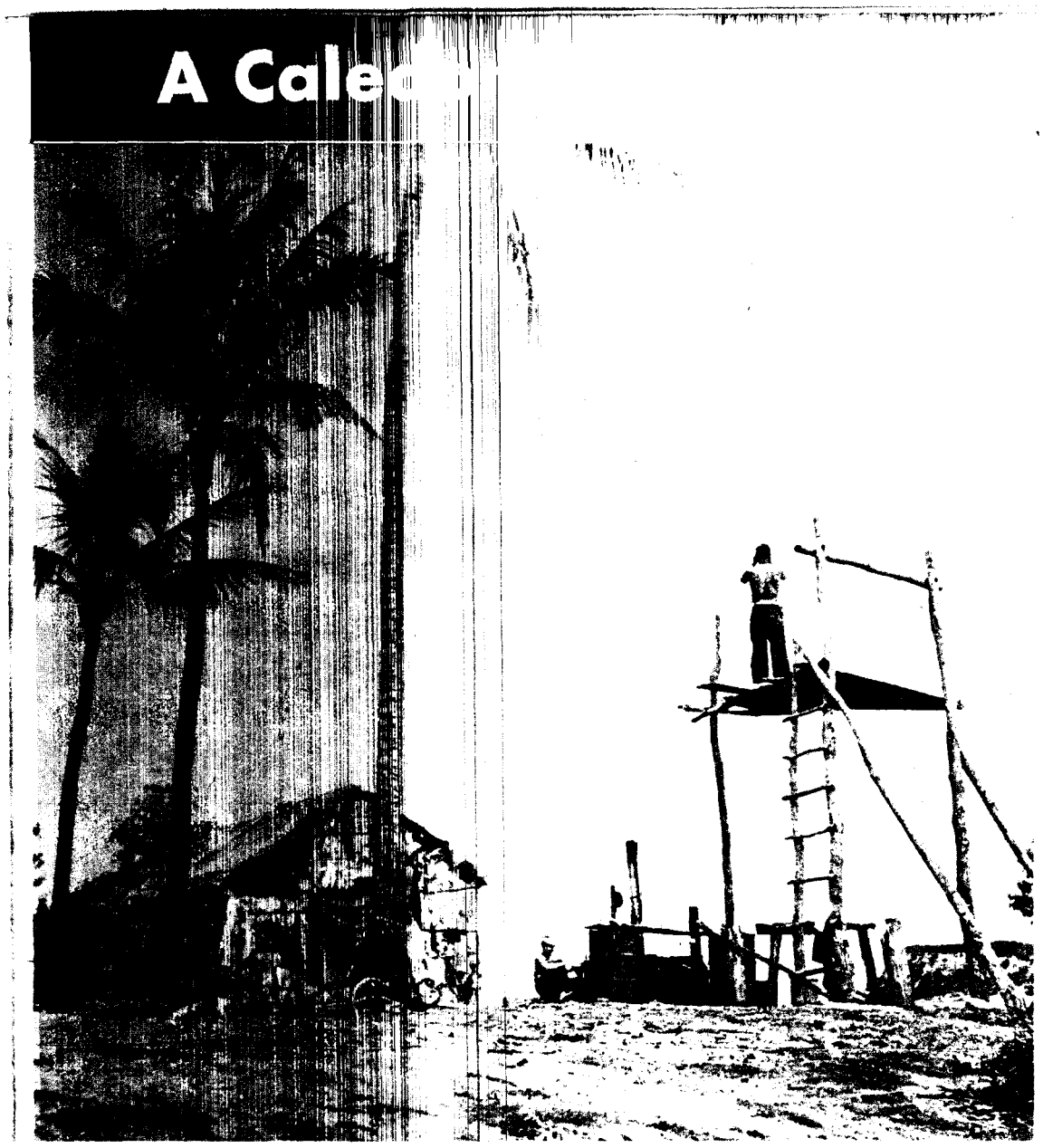
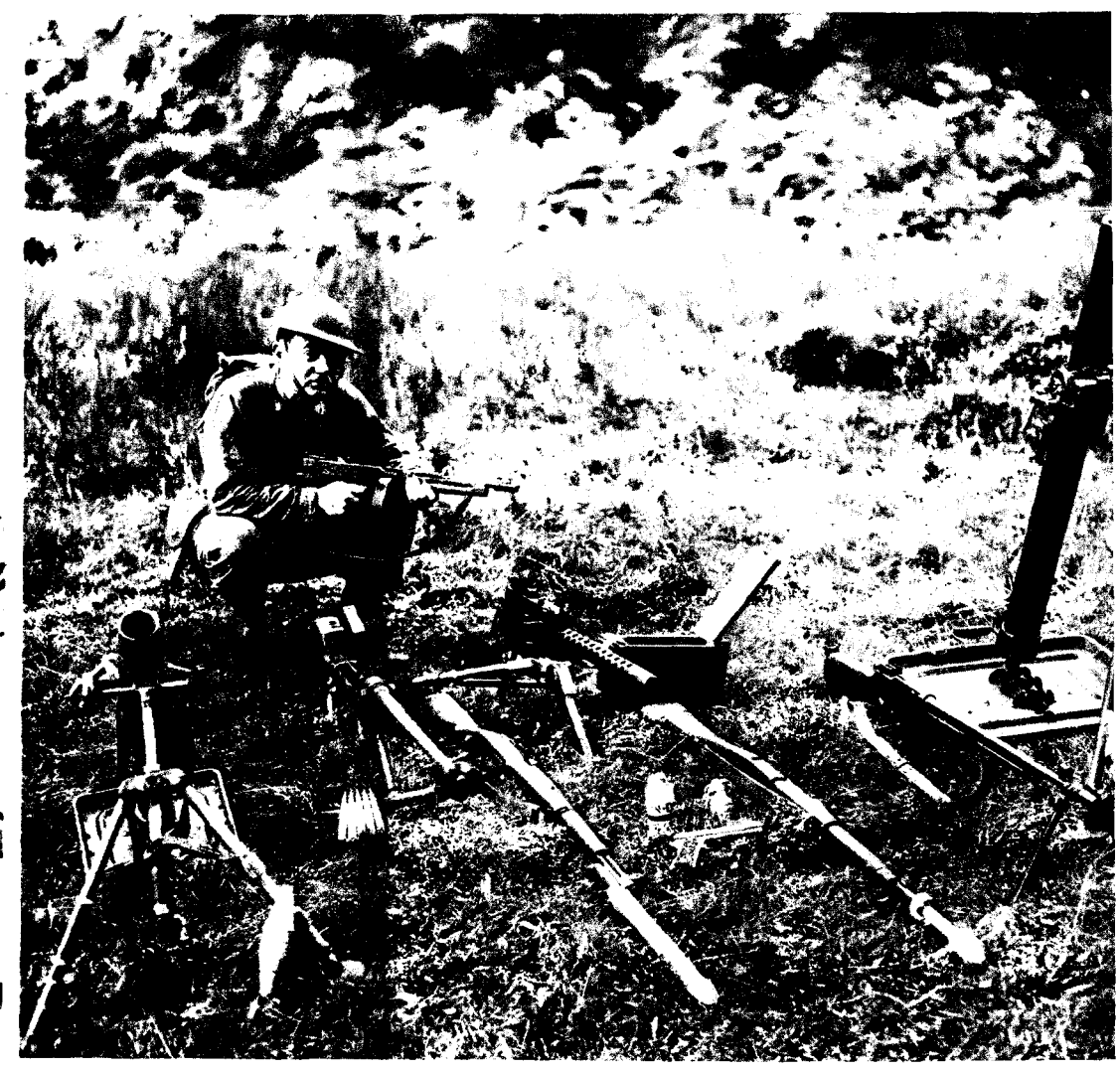
A Cale



ON THE ALERT. Standing on a makeshift platform he helped build, an American soldier keeps on the watch for enemy aircraft in New Caledonia. The bark-covered hut at left is where he and his pals do their sleeping. And not too much of that, what with New Caledonia being a hot spot.

And mmm! for Shirley. Three d
and a dash beneath her eye g
patriotic touch to Shirley Deane's makeup. The Hollywood scre
actress has just completed a 75-week tour of U. S. Army cam



"ROAD MARCH." Pvt. Kai T. Skounborg of Camp Callan, Calif., is entertaining his buddies with the tricks of what used to be his trade. Try saluting this way yourself sometime.

This member of the U. S. Rangers has to know how
handle all the weapons shown in the picture. They a
left to right: 60-mm mortar, anti-tank rifle (British), M1 rifle, light machine gun, 03 ri
with grenade, Browning Auto rifle, and an 81-mm mortar. He holds an American tommy g

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BETWEEN the LINES

NUMBER, PLEASE!

From time to time I have heard complaints about the telephone service here, but I never had time to do anything about it until I got seven wrong numbers in a row the other day while trying to call up my friend, Pvt. Stinky Smith, who works at the camp sewage-disposal plant.

"Look, sister," I finally said to the operator on the camp switchboard, "I am trying to get a party on the line, and I don't think you have your instrument zeroed. I would appreciate it if you would check your sights and make some allowance for windage. Seems like every time you push in your plug, all you get is Maggie's drawers."

"Oh, yeah?" says the operator. "And how does Maggie like it?"

"Look, sister," I says. "For the love of mud, will you connect me with Pvt. Smith? For over an hour now I have been trying to get Stinky at the sewage-disposal plant."

"Boy, you sure picked the right place," says the operator. "But how do you expect to do it over the telephone?"

"Listen," I began, paying no attention to a slight clicking sound on the line, "of all the stupid, incompetent, idiotic, half-baked jerks around here, you are the worst. If you can't take that silly little two-inch plug of yours and jam it in the right hole, I will tell you some other place to jam it. Now let's see some results."

Well, sir, I got results all right. That slight clicking sound had been the commanding general getting plugged into my line. So now that I have plenty of time on my hands at the guard house, I might as well tell you what they did about telephone service at Camp Hogwash, Ariz., where I put in my first hitch.

We had telephone trouble at Camp Hogwash, too, but we fixed everything by getting a detachment of Cherokee Indians to send messages around camp by smoke signal. It worked very well, too, except that every now and then a stranger on the post would see the signals and turn in a fire alarm.

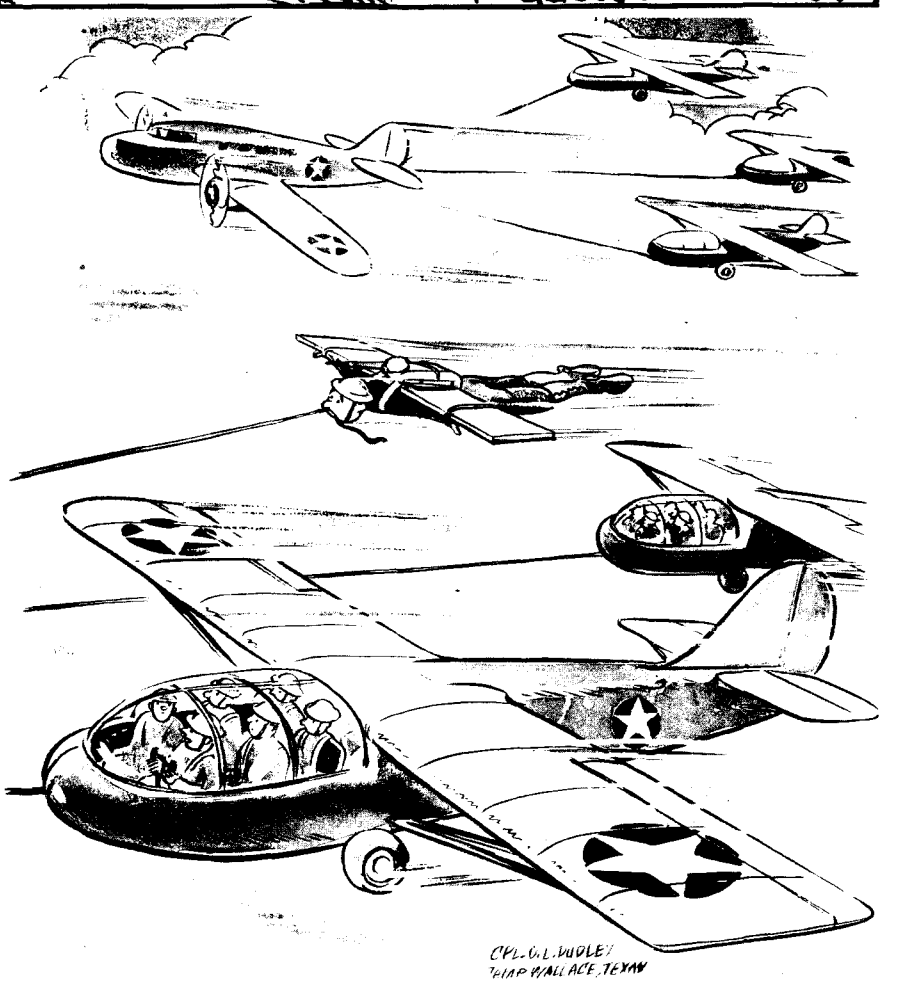
I remember one day one of the Indians came running in with a message reading "YTRDF ASWUPPOJ OG MIRDKCA." The intelligence officer spent three hours trying to decipher it before we discovered it was nothing but static caused by a sentry who had sneaked off behind the mess hall to smoke a cigar. When the Indians caught the sentry they scalped him, but he took it good-natured. He was accustomed to G.I. haircuts.

On the whole, though, I am inclined to string along with the present telephone service. I have met some mighty interesting people on wrong numbers, and I once chatted ten minutes with the provost marshal before he found out I wasn't the general's aide.

Besides, there is the sporting angle to consider. It is always interesting to lay a few frogskins on which is faster, the telephone or the message center.

However, I think the smoke signal idea is worth considering, and I am going to explain it to the general as soon as I can get him on the phone. Right now his line is busy.

S/SGT. DAVID R. MCLEAN
CAMP WOLTERS, TEXAS



"There wasn't room inside. We just had to bring him as best we could."

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. 1, NO. 22
NOV. 11, 1942
By the men . . for the men in the service

STRICTLY G.I.

Transfer

For months the Marines have been crowing about an Army lieutenant who went over the hill to join the Corps as a private. Then somebody in Washington uncovered the story of Bruce Marion Van Sickle, a Marine lieutenant, who resigned his commission to enter the Navy as an aviation cadet. Even though the leftenant made the parting crack that he was "so interested in aviation that the sacrifice is worth while," there was some little consolation in the story.

Now the whole thing is spoiled. Lt. Comdr. Paul C. Smith, USN, has resigned as news chief of OWI to become a buck private in the Marines. The 33-year-old LC, who used to be editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, says he turned in his braid because he couldn't run a destroyer, which is what lieutenant commanders are supposed to do.

Naval Requirements

Civilian Harry Aguado, wearing a zoot suit with a drape shape, got off with a $5 fine on a New York traffic-violation rap when he told the court he was going into the Navy. The part of the story that reflects the glorious virility and toughness of the Navy is this: Aguado was told by the USN that he couldn't get in until he quit biting his fingernails. The Navy advised him to wear white cotton gloves for five days, and never mind how they looked with his zoot suit.

Alternative

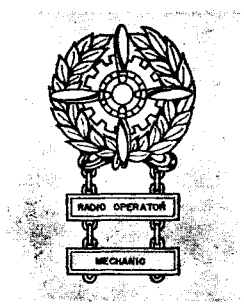
Personnel who plan an early visit to the chaplain might wipe their noses over the fact that in the Navy of Henry VIII, any sailor found asleep on watch was put into a basket hung from the bowsprit and given a can of beer, a loaf of bread and a knife. He had a choice of cutting the rope and drowning or staying there and starving. . . . Incidentally, flogging is still authorized in the British Navy, although it's used only for mutiny and such. When flogging was abolished in the U.S. Navy in 1862, countless sailors swore that the Navy was going to hell. Without flogging, they said, goldbricking would increase and the good men would have to do all the work.

Rumor

There was an interesting rumor out of Brooklyn last week. Translated into modern English, the rumor said that the FBI had closed one of the New York City draft boards because of a fist fight between a preacher and members of the board. Selective Service headquarters scotched the report and laid it to Axis sympathizers.

Groundhog Badges

Here is the design of the new silver badge that has been authorized for technicians and mechanics in the Air Forces. The badge will go to 24 types of enlisted personnel who have been in the Air Forces for six months or more. To get the badge, you have to be a graduate of an authorized course in technical training or show your stuff in one of the 24 specialties.



Distinction

One of our men who is doing meritorious service as a latrine orderly in London sends on a report about the Army's Finance Office there, which is overrun with civilian girl employees. The sign on the rest room door—and our man swears to this—reads: "For officers and ladies."

WAAC Notes

President Roosevelt has signed a bill raising the base pay for WAACs from $21 a month to $50 a month. The bill gives WAAC enlisted ladies and noncoms the same pay scale as soldiers, sailors and WAVES. Rep. Scanlon of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill to grant free postage to the WAACs. . . . An officer at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, wrote to the War Department to find out which side of his wife he should walk on. His wife is an officer in the WAACs. The answer: The mate with the higher rank walks on the right, even if the male must shove his wife onto the curb.

We can remember when it was a man's world.

The Women Again

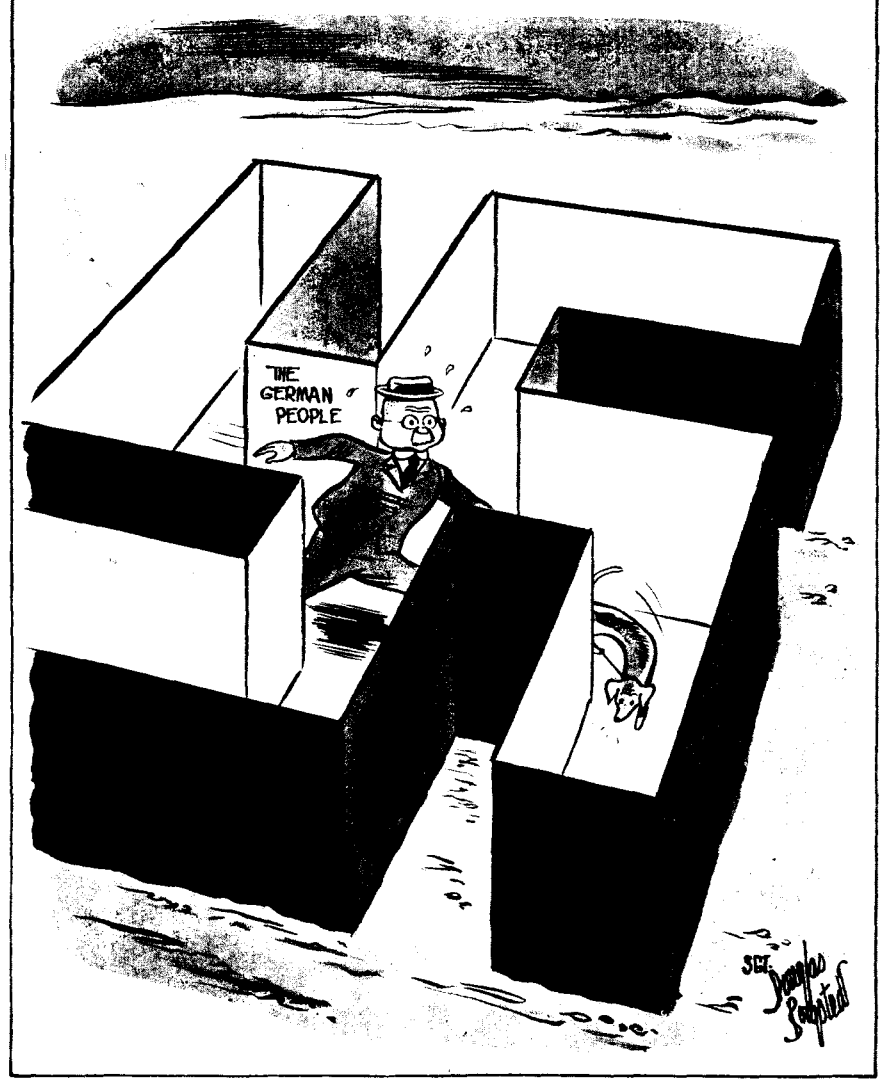
Women workers in a Detroit ordnance plant have begun what they hope will grow into a nation-wide organization of women employed in tank and munition factories. Their slogan: "The Girls Behind the Men Behind the Guns." Their name: Woman Ordnance Workers. Their abbreviation: The WOWs.

Kitchen Relief

The higher brass showed itself in a kindly light this week at Camp Adair, Ore. Maj. Hosiah J. Osborn, assistant commandant of a cooks' and bakers' school, denounced KP as a punishment. "It's the cook who takes the beating when the goldbrick is sentenced to kitchen police," he said. "In the old outfits, KP came to a man in line of duty, never as a penalty."

We may be quoted as saying that what was good enough for the Old Army is good enough for us.

THE MAZE—NO EXIT!



Items That Require No Editorial Comment

In a Pig's Eye

Two Nazi officers in occupied France decided to rent a room, planning to pay in "occupation money," of course. They examined the room with distaste.

"And how much do you get for this pigsty?" asked one German.

"One pig, 100 francs; two pigs, 200 francs," replied the Frenchman without batting an eye.

Bombs and Booms

In one of its recent issues Goering's newspaper, the *Essener National Zeitung*, complained bitterly that there is a boom on the Amsterdam Stock Exchange every time the RAF raids Germany. It also expressed resentment because investors continue to trade heavily in Netherlands East Indies' securities, despite the fact that the Indies are occupied by Japan.

Culture's Big Shot

A calendar secured from Germany recently contained for each month a decisive and characteristic utterance of one of the Nazi leaders. In heavy Gothic lettering on one of the pages was this revealing sentence: "When I hear the word culture, I grab my revolver."

Amen

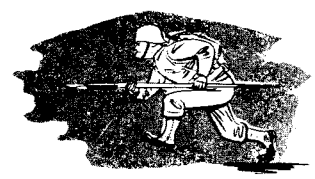
An underground newspaper smuggled out of occupied Holland tells how, when news of an important Russian success reached Holland on a Saturday, a Protestant minister started his sermon next day with words, "Lord, we thank Thee, for Thou hast dealt the devil another mighty blow on his wicked head."

These Three Are All Alone

After a German soldier was attacked in the Dutch village of Hippolytushoef in the Zuyder Zee area, Nazi occupation authorities promptly arrested Burgomaster Kolf and demanded from him the names of three hostages who could be held responsible for the "correct behavior" of the townspeople.

To their surprise, the burgomaster cheerfully furnished three names and was set free. The Germans then rounded up the three men—and then rearrested Burgomaster Kolf. He had given them the names of two village idiots and the newly-appointed local Nazi leader.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.



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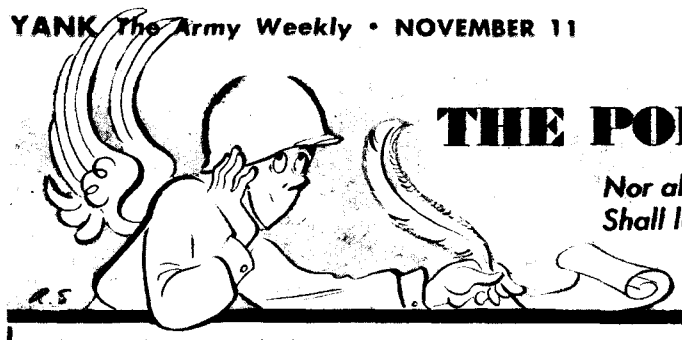

THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

(Ed. note: We want all the poetry you're inspired to send in but try to hold yourself down to three or four stanzas!)

OFFICER CANDIDATE

I'm a nervous mess from OCS,
My rear it drags the ground,
And every night at 11 o'clock
In a prone position I'm found.
They cram us full of knowledge
So fast it won't digest.
I'm a candidate for Section 8
Because I get no rest.

We drill like hell all day sir,
The bed bugs drill all night:
They teach us all their tactics
Oh gosh, how they can bite.
But when December 8th comes
And bars they pin on me,
I'll pray like hell for a furlough
And go on a helluva spree.

CPL. JOSEPH WEISS
FORT BENNING, GA.

THE RANKS

The colonel has his eagles,
The captain has his bars,
The major has an oak leaf,
The general has his stars.

But if you're counting chevrons,
Then honey I am done:
The corporal has his two,
The *bugler* has but one.

BUGLER PFC. ALTON C. GILLESPIE
CAMP WOLTERS, TEXAS

AGE BEFORE BEAUTY

One of the effects of Australia's "austerity" program is a ruling that chorus girls must be more than 45 years old. Younger women are being drafted into war work.—News Item.

If chorus girls of forty-five
Cavort upon the platforms
Of every honky-tonk and dive
And flaunt their all-too-fat forms
While younger gals conceal their charms
In denim or in khaki,
I tell you, gentlemen at arms,
Old Sherman wasn't wacky.

LT. RICHARD ARMOUR
ANTIAIRCRAFT ARTILLERY

THE PRIVATE'S PRIVACY

He sleeps with 60 other men.
No matter how you jive it,
I cannot understand at all
Why they should call him *private*.

They also call him *doughboy* too,
Though why, I do not know,
For I'm aware as well as you—
A soldier has no *dough*.

CHORUS:
Where do they get the names for them?
I don't know why it's so;
A *private* has no *privacy*,
A *doughboy* has no *dough!*

CPL. JOHN READEY
CAMP STONEMAN, CALIF.

FULLISHNESS

'Twos a brillig daye in sumbah,
Andt tha skye wahs filt wuth bairds,
Whin a bloomin bewgler ops andt bulows. . . .
Sum knotes in forths ande thairds.

Waal, noe whon rilly kares a hute
Jist wot tha hale hee blayes,
Bot whin hee ops ande blowt a floot. . . .
Hee wuss bairied in thrae dayes.

SGT. MARK R. CURILOVIC
CAMP CROWDER, MO.

A MINOR POINT, PLURAL

Texas women are fair and lovely wenches,
To deny that I wouldn't dare;
But, alas, there is a minor flaw:
Their chests! There just ain't anything there.

Texas women are like Sammie Brand
(The lad that's penning this rhyme).
Yes, we're alike in one respect:
Flat—busted all the time.

PVT. SAMMIE BRAND
RANDOLPH FIELD, TEXAS

Words Across the Sea

Cpl. Jack Burnett of Dallas, Texas, is carving himself a nice reputation as a cartoonist. Some of his work has appeared in YANK. From the office of the Camp Edwards News he sends word to his brother, William G. Burnett, whom he hasn't seen since Bill struck out for Canada or Alaska a long time ago. "Watch your step, bud," says Jack. "I just got promoted. I'll be walking up on your heels." Brother Bill is a first lieutenant of Engineers.

Sgt. William Quinn was a private in Co. B, 27th Inf. (The Wolf Hounds) from '35 to '37. He's in the States and wants to send mail and goodies to anyone from that outfit who is now overseas.

Cpl. Leo Vames, former Chicago theater manager, last heard from Pvt. Ted J. Tremonte in Java. Ted used to drive a truck in Chicago and frequently went to Leo's show on passes. Leo is now at Camp Edwards, Mass., where he's with the battalion of the 131st Field Artillery. He advises Tremonte: "If you're not eating Jap rice in some prison camp, give 'em hell. Even if you are, give 'em hell!"

Pfc. Harry Chunar was sought through this column by one Dan Walsh, whose picture appeared here in the July 22 issue of YANK. Chunar saw the message while eating dinner in Australia but doesn't know where he can reach Walsh now. Can anybody help?

Cpl. Ralph Johnson of Frewsburg, N. Y., sends his regards to an old home-town friend who's now in the thick of it with the U.S. Marines. To Emery Jackson, c/o the Solomon Islands, goes the following message: "Hi, Emery. Keep the Japs falling. Everybody O.K. Saw your folks and everything's all right. Hope to be seeing you soon."

Cpl. Clarence W. Schudel wants his brother Bill in North Atlantic Command to get his address from their mother and write to him. Hasn't heard from him for two years.

Pvt. Buddy Reiner of Stewart Field, West Point, was a retail clothing salesman nine months ago. To Pvt. Herb Jacobs, who is with an aircraft warning outfit in Australia, he says: "See your family quite often and enjoy your mother's cooking. Jimmy has a new baby boy and named the kid after your father, as you always requested. Your mother wants you to write more often."

MAIL CALL

Dear YANK:

The other day, during lunch hour, as the members of the division dance band were sitting about in their tents and brooding as usual over the lack of new arrangements, Capt. Krueger burst in on the scene armed with a tremendous bundle of scores and manuscripts, 57 in all, and planked them down before us.

"There," he said triumphantly, "are some new arrangements."

"Some" was a terrific under statement. When we checked over the stocks, we found we had been sent every score we had been planning to order if we ever got the opportunity, plus a lot of other fine ones we had never heard of.

The mystery as to who sent the arrangements was cleared up when your letter came, and no kidding, fellows, it's the finest thing anyone has ever done for us. Please accept our most sincere thanks, and not only ours, but those of every soldier in the division.

The Army Signal Corps over here is making a short of the band. We hope you'll see the picture and hear the band.

SGT. BILL WALKER,
DIVISION DANCE BAND
AUSTRALIA

VIC "BO"	JOE JENNY
JACK DURAND	HARVEY JUDSON
FRANK DARSON	CHET STADER
NORMAN SCHNEIDER	BILL PERRY
JOE RUSSO	LOUIS CAFINI
JACK FREY	JACK FISHER
	RALPH ROSE

YANK in turn thanks Capt. Glenn Miller, Claude Thornhill, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James, Benny Goodman, Alec Wilder, Count Basie and Charlie Spivak who gave us their original arrangements to pass on to Sgt. Walker's band.

Dear YANK:

Am I right in assuming that noncombatants for physical reasons working for G-2 are known as members of Limited Intelligence?

A/C HALL G. VAN VLACK JR.
NASHVILLE (TENN.) AAFCC

Dear YANK:

I have a gripe to register with you; whether it's legitimate or not I would not know. But I feel that it is unfair to those of us in Australia to receive unfavorable publicity. Immediately upon arrival here, before we were sent to our respective stations, we were swamped with photographers and reporters. We were a novelty then—something new come to town. Then these pictures and articles were sent to the leading newspapers and magazines over there, and that is where the rub came in. The wives and sweethearts of the men in this Godforsaken part of the world were led to believe that we were just having a grand and glorious picnic.

This would be O. K. but a lot of us have women who don't trust us too far anyway. And such publicity certainly doesn't help soldiers in our predicament. By printing this you might better inform the American public what the score is over here. It just so happens that the majority of American soldiers sent here are not stationed in nor near the cities and don't come in contact with women, wine and song.

S/SGT. KIAH EVANS
AUSTRALIA

We sympathize with you, soldier; they say the same about us in New York, though most of our detachment is overseas or in camps.

Dear YANK:

Undoubtedly this is very unconventional. However, I believe I am justified in writing. I was presented with a copy of your weekly by a very enthusiastic U. S. soldier reader, and enjoyed it very much. Especially did I enjoy a letter written by one Sgt. Mander Lunk in which he states, "Down here in Australia there isn't anything but lizards." [YANK, June 17.]

Do you think it would be possible to arrange a communication between Sgt. Mander Lunk and an Australian girl merely to prove the entire population are not lizards?

GLADYS E. MADDEN
WARWICK, QUEENSLAND
AUSTRALIA

No. Correspondence cannot be arranged between soldiers and persons they don't know. Spies might make use of it.

Dear YANK:

For his masterpiece of G.I. literature in YANK [Oct. 21] I recommend that Pvt. Zauber be transferred (also in grade) to the Army's own Hall of Fame. Given time and material I sincerely believe he could wrap a new FM around that intricate collection of machinery known as the U. S. Whistle, M-1. There is a great need for an instructional work on this small but mighty item of our equipment. In this FM I hope he does not forget to include several paragraphs on immediate action and stoppages.

Keep up the good work on YANK.

LT. CBR
CAMP HOOD, TEXAS

Dear YANK:

In YANK [Sept. 23] we came across the picture of that beauty contest held in Atlantic City. Just who judged those fair maidens? Were the judges crosseyed or did they have a jag on? Any jeep can see that "Miss New Orleans" had them all beat. We think she should have been crowned "Miss America." But just to show there are no hard feelings on our part, you could wrap the other girls up and send them to our address.

S/SGT. A. AUGRESANE
ALASKA

We wouldn't mind them right here

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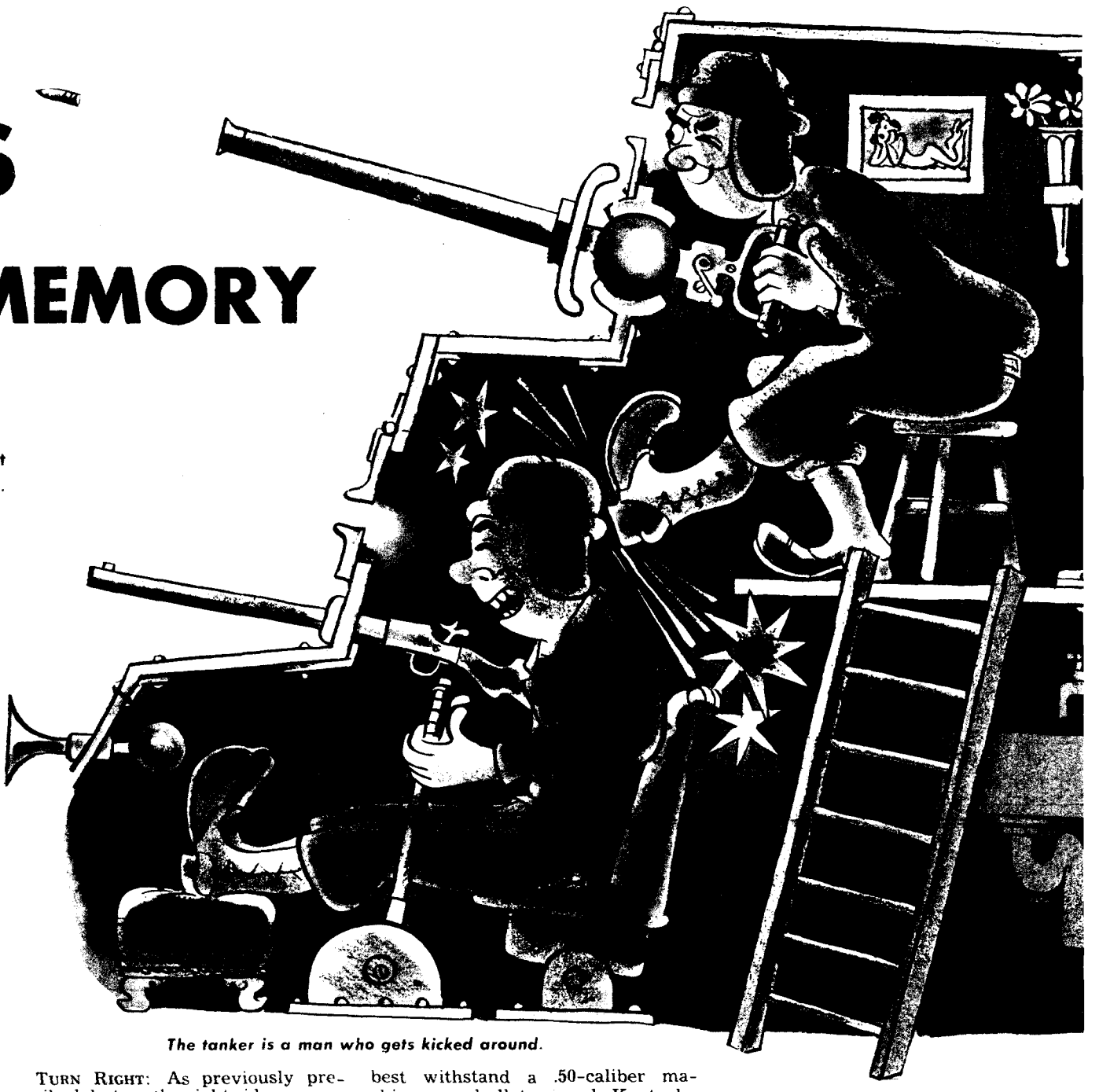
TANKS for the MEMORY

Pictures by SGT. RALPH STEIN

Words by SGT. LEO HOFELLER of the Armored Force who says Fort Knox is the right name for the place.



The tanker is a man who gets kicked around.

FORT KNOX, KY.—When you think of the Armored Force you think of tanks, and when you think of tanks you ought to think of the tank driver, and sympathize with him, because if there's any man in the world being stepped on more than he, let him speak now or forever hold his peace.

Stepped on, literally.

Of course, to sympathize with the tanker, you ought to be able to recognize him. There are two methods, both guaranteed. First, if in town you see a soldier wearing what looks like a giant overseas cap but is really an unused brief case, its green and white piping contrarily tilted clear to his *left* ear, you are looking at a tanker. Second, if you see a man with heel-and-toe prints all over the back of his head and shoulders, you are also looking at a tanker.

Verily, the tanker is a man who gets kicked around.

When he takes the driver's seat in a light tank, he automatically releases a silent prayer that his commander up there in the turret has experienced at least a slight shrinkage in his No. 12 brogans, and has had the decency to avoid stepping into certain things before assuming his post. For the commander gives the driver his cues somewhat in the following manner:

START THE TANK: One kick—not too hard, but not too easy.

FASTER: Repeated taps—not too light or the driver will think you're a softie.

TURN LEFT: Steady pressure with left foot on left side of victim. If shoes are old, press as hard as you like.

TURN RIGHT: As previously prescribed, but on the right side.

BACK UP: Repeated taps on the head. The heel gets the best results.

By now, you understand why a commander with a size 6 shoe is the most popular guy in the outfit.

With this continuous beating on his rear, along with the usual bumps and bruises that come with the normal armored-vehicle ride, it is no wonder that a tanker soon develops a hide which compares favorably with the plating that lines his vehicle. On the question of which will best withstand a .50-caliber machine-gun bullet, sound Kentucky gamblers will, purely as a sporting proposition, make a small bet on the hide.

In the larger tank, the medium—whose latest type is the M4 or General Lee—this interesting bit of foot language is not used because the vehicle is too large. Phones are used to transmit orders or, if phones should not be on hand, the driver may be directed by means of a rope tied around both his shoulders, much in the same manner as when you played horsie at the age of 4½.

If he is not kicked around by human feet in the larger tank, the driver has other worries. There is an unlimited number of gadgets and levers to think about and then, of course, there is the heat.

It can, and does, get so hot around a tank that you can fry an egg on the plate. It can, and does, get so hot inside the tank (at least during your first few experiences) that you have no interest in said egg even if ham or bacon comes with it.

The tanker develops a hide like the lining of his vehicle.

He wears a brief case with green and white piping.

There is also the dust. A peep slot isn't awfully big but it lets in enough dust to start a mountain range in Iowa. Fully 98 per cent of it comes to rest on the driver's countenance, forming into attractive patterns around his goggles.

In conclusion, the tank driver would have you know that he is every bit as tough as his vehicle. And that, soldiers, is so tough you have to be taught how to get into it.

The offense rests.

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HOLLYWOOD. The movie town is taking up the enlisted man in a big way. Four pictures in the making as "Dear Mr. Private," "Private Eddie Dawson," "Private Miss Jones" and "Three Guys Named Joe." The last is an Army aviation picture. . . . A picture that is sure to appeal to males will co-star Betty Grable and Carmen Miranda . . .The hopes and prayers of *Esquire* readers may be answered soon. The Petty Girl will be brought to the screen as soon as the right actress is found. A national campaign, similar to the one for Scarlett O'Hara, is planned. . . . Hollywood is going all out for a film about nurses on Bataan and Corregidor. It will star Paulette Goddard, Veronica Lake and Claudette Colbert. . . . Paul Muni will return to the screen as Dr. Sun Yat Sen, China's George Washnigton.

Carmen Miranda

MUSIC. Latest war song to sweep the country is one about the Fuehrer's face, as recorded by Spike Jones and his City Slickers. A drummer in the orchestra that plays for Bing Crosby's radio show, Spike organized the City Slickers as a gag. Now he has a movie or radio contract in every pocket. . . . Ralph Rainger, author of "Love in Bloom" and other hits, was killed recently in an air crash. . . . The day of screwy songs seems to be dawning again. Johnny Mercer's next is "I Lost My Sugar in Salt Lake City." . . . At his first recital since his traffic accident in April, 1941, violinist Fritz Kreisler received a prolonged ovation from a Carnegie Hall audience in New York. . . . Georgia Gibbs is a new hit on the "Camel Caravan."

Georgia Gibbs

BROADWAY. Two revivals within two weeks, and the only person to come out on top was 78-year-old Joe Howard. The critics didn't like the shows, but approved the way Joe sang his old songs in the finale of "The Time, the Place, and the Girl." . . . Barbara Bel Geddes is the acting discovery of the new season. In her second Broadway part, she steals the show from Karen Morley and others . . . The Ross Sisters, appearing in a new musical, had been living with their father and mother in a trailer in Shubert Alley, right in the heart of the theater district. But they moved to an apartment when their show began to catch on . . . Singing roles in a proposed musical are so strenuous that the producer is hiring two casts for alternate nights.

Barbara Bel Geddes

THIS AND THAT. William Saroyan appeared for induction in the Army with a typewriter and a portable radio. . . . Simon & Schuster, who published Ambassador Davies' "Mission to Moscow," will do the same for Ambassador Grew's book on Japan. . . . If you think the war isn't hitting the home towns, in Florida the Sarasota *Herald Tribune* now has an all-woman staff. . . . Orson Welles came back from Brazil all steamed up about Latin America. His next radio program will dramatize the legends and history of Latin American countries. . . . Considerable laundering was necessary in preparing "Soldier Songs from the Revolution to World War II" for publication. Especial trouble was found with the songs of the first World War.

Jinx Falkenberg

A picture of the beauty you see on the opposite page was requested by men of Tent 37, Co. F, 593rd Boat Regiment. That doesn't mean you can't take a good look, too. But don't crowd.

VERONICA LAKE HAS TWO EYES

VERONICA LAKE is little. Veronica Lake is tough.

Consider this scene: Miss Lake is selling bonds in Everett, Wash. The crowd is enthusiastic about bonds and Miss Lake. People push and shove and get out of hand. Miss Lake, hair and all, finds herself colliding, and not lightly, with a jeep. The jeep won't give way and Miss Lake won't give way much. The result is a gash on the Lake forehead.

This true experience and others haven't soured Miss Lake either on the Army or on bond selling. They go hand in hand for her. She's been on a Treasury-sponsored bond tour and on countless impromptu bond campaigns of her own. Always, one thing has impressed her. It's the way service men respond.

"All of them," she says, "soldiers, sailors and Marines, are the first to step up and buy bonds. They knew what they're fighting for and what it's worth. If everyone bought like the men in uniform, these selling tours would be simple."

Miss Lake likes all the services, but she likes the Army best. And of the Army, her choice is the Engineers. The reason is not a love of light ponton bridges or of double-apron barbed-wire entanglements. It's simply that her husband is Capt. J. S. Detlie, CE.

Capt. Detlie is stationed in Seattle at present and Miss Lake is an Army wife. She's still very much in pictures, but, whenever she isn't at work in the studio or on a bond tour, she's in Seattle.

Seattle, on the Pacific, is close to the war. Near it are Fort Lewis and Fort Lawton, Paine Field and McChord Field, not to mention two naval bases. Miss Lake knows them and knows their men, enlisted personnel and officers. This qualifies her to pat us on the back with: "No kidding, soldiers are my favorites. They're gentlemen, and they have fun, too. I've seen them all and I know."

Miss Lake's early publicity (remember?) made a great point of her hair hanging down over one eye. It doesn't hang over one eye all the time—not even most of the time. She'd like to correct this half-blind impression.

"Tell the men," she says, "that when I'm selling bonds, I'm doing it with both eyes open." And she pushed back her hair emphatically.

Veronica Lake

NOW you can tell the Axis Big Shots what you think of 'em!

ENTER "Nuts to the Axis" Contest. YANK will broadcast the winning messages.

HERE'S HOW

1. Clip the coupon and fill it in with your name, serial number and Army address. You must use one of these coupons in order to enter the contest.

2. Write a message to Hitler, to Mussolini or to Tojo on one of the subjects listed at the right. The message can be anywhere from 10 to 200 words and must be in suitable language for publication and broadcasting. (We know it's a tough order, soldier, but no cussing!)

3. Mail your message with the coupon to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E 42nd Street, New York, before midnight, Dec. 10, 1942. "V" mail's a good bet if you're overseas.

"NUTS TO THE AXIS" CONTEST closes midnight, Dec. 10, 1942. All letters must be postmarked on or before that date.

That's all there is to it. You don't have to be a professional writer or a college professor. Literary style won't mean a thing. If your "Nuts to the Axis" message is judged one of the 100 most original by YANK's staff of enlisted men, you will receive a free six-month subscription, your name will be printed in YANK, and your message will be eligible for broadcasting to all parts of the world. By the way—yardbirds from Iceland to Australia will be able to hear it, too.

TAKE YOUR PICK

1. I'll Be Seein' You!
2. Here's What I'm Fighting For
3. My Father Did it in 1918
4. Doolittle Was Only the Beginning
5. If I Had You in My Squad
6. I've Got a Better Idea—Here it is:

(Write on your own subject if you prefer)

FILL OUT THIS COUPON

MAIL IT TODAY WITH YOUR MESSAGE, TO YANK, THE ARMY WEEKLY, 205 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY.

I'M ADDRESSING MY SHORTWAVE MESSAGE TO:

HITLER ☐

MUSSO ☐

TOJO ☐

Full Name and Rank _____

Military Address _____ *(1-22)*

☐ *Check Here if You Prefer Not to Have Your Name Used.*

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This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

The Post Exchange

If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

The KP's Dream

The top kick frowned and shook his head. The buck sergeant frowned and shook his head. I frowned and shook.

"Yes," said the top kick, "you are going to pull some KP. We hate to do this, but you were five minutes late for bed check last night."

"Yes," said the sergeant, "you will uphold the fine KP reputation of our platoon, I trust. Do your work diligently and willingly. Remember, the third platoon expects your best."

"Yes," I said.

So I went into the kitchen. Lovely kitchen, lovely sinks, lovely dishes, about 500 of them. I washed and scrubbed and scrubbed and washed. And then:

"Yes," said the first chef, "you clean out these pots."

"Yes," said the second cook, "you peel some spuds."

"Yes," said the dining-room orderly, "you scrub the mess-hall floor."

I grabbed a mop and scrub brush. The floor looked like the easiest job. I was mistaken. The DRO didn't want me to scrub the floor. He wanted me to plane it down to see how thin I could make it before it collapsed. The floor didn't collapse, I did.

"Okay," said the DRO, "take a break."

I hastily put a cigarette in my mouth, but the DRO just as quickly pulled it out.

"The supply truck has just come in. No break. Get goin'."

I got going, and after 10 minutes of lugging boxes, I didn't know whether I was coming or going.

I was struggling with a crate of oranges when the captain and the colonel and top kick entered the kitchen. I dropped the crate and froze to attention.

"Next time," said the captain, "try to lower your crate with less noise."

"Yes sir, I—"

"Why, how do you do?" said the colonel.

I turned around to see whom he was addressing. No one was there.

"Yes, you; I mean you," said the colonel.

"Er—hello, sir," I gulped.

"You did me a great service last night. I didn't have time to thank you. So, thanks."

"I did?"

"Now don't be modest, young man. I hope you didn't miss bed check?"

"But, pardon me, sir," broke in the top kick. "He did miss bed check. That's why he's in the kitchen."

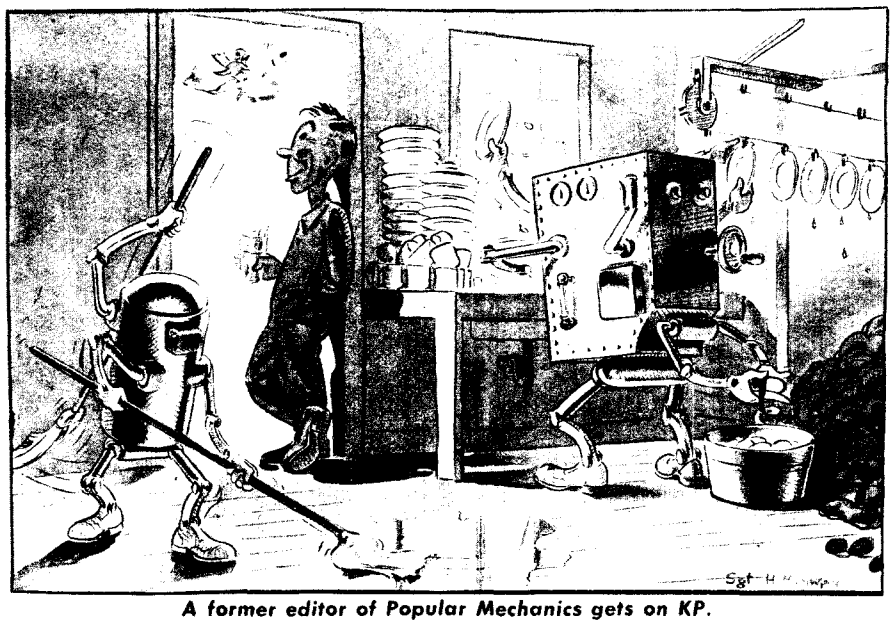
The colonel laughed. "This young man helped my chauffeur fix a flat last night. I suggest he be excused."

"Yes," said the top kick. "You are hereby relieved of KP today. What's more this time will count as your regular KP. I trust you didn't harm yourself washing dishes?"

"No," I said, and got out of there.

And I'm still wondering who did fix that colonel's flat.

PVT. BILL SALTZMAN
FORT LEWIS, WASH.



A former editor of Popular Mechanics gets on KP.

CAMP DAVIS, N. C. SGT. HENRY M. SWAN

"You're out of uniform!"

FIGHTER COMMAND SCHOOL, ORLANDO, FLA. CPL. STANLEY RAYON

The Wall

The wall was warm under the first casual rays of dawn, and pleasant to lean against lazily. It was pleasant, too, to have all the time in the world to dream. And dreaming, to look back over the passing years. Why, even in the Winters, sitting snugly in the parlor of the little home, happy in security and comfort, there was never time to look back over that long and winding road of life.

Now, with so much time, thoughts reached back to the first remembrance of walking barefoot along the sweet-smelling new-turned furrows toward a rosiness in the country sky, to the first shy meeting with the country lass who was to share the home, to the later happiness of watching the family grow sturdy, happy and free, to the life of peace, contentment and fellowship.

There were many things of pleasure to remember, and a very few of pain. With these last was the memory of the everlasting marching of the conquerors toward the land of peace the dreams encompassed, and their victory, so quick, so sudden.

Did we say conquerors? Well, that's not the thought, exactly; let us say rather, the occupiers of the country.

There was some thrill of pride in the valiant hopeless defense, and in the brave men who now carried on the eternal fight against the arrogant foe whose very banner was crooked and whose nature itself carried out that same design.

Thoughts raced back to the present, and there was some fleeting understanding for the other men leaning against that same wall.

Then, in the misty nearness rang out a command in an alien tongue. Another command, and then, shockingly, through the peaceful morning rang the shots that carried into individual oblivion the little unimportant men in a little unimportant town called Lidice, whose name will be a song in the hearts and a torch in the hands of men of justice everywhere so long as there shall be freedom and belief in the dignity of man. Forever.

T-5 ARTHUR A. BERTRAM
FORT MCPHERSON, GA.

FURLOUGH DOUGH

A furlough is such crazy stuff
Of which you never get enough;
It leaves you sad, it leaves you sorrowed,
Thinking of all the dough you borrowed.

PVT. DANIEL FINEGAN
FORT SHERIDAN, ILL.

SWEATIN'

You sweat a line to wash your face,
You sweat a line to feed it;
You sweat a line to buy a book,
And there's a line right there to read it.

You sweat a line to get a pass,
You sweat a line to use it;
You sweat for this and sweat for that,
And you cuss if they refuse it

You sweat a line to get your pay,
To see how much you're gettin';
Then you sweat the cubes, usually lose,
So there's four more weeks of sweatin'.

S/SGT. DONALD DAVIS
LUKE FIELD, ARIZ.

DIET FOR CENSORS

Censor, sir, this plea is just for you;
You know my life and my secrets too;
Before retiring watch what you eat,
For I'm sunk if you talk in your sleep.

SGT. JACK RUANE
HAWAII

PROMOTION

Ring out the bells and sing and jive it!
No longer am I just a private.
Hallelujah! Praise to heaven!
My rank is now technician seven.

PVT. SAMUEL LEBOW
HQ. WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY, CALIF.

"I sneezed."

LT. D. E. ZIEG

Just Another Lob

He was just a quiet guy, wearing fatigues, and with the bewildered look in his eyes that all yardbirds have during their first few days in the Army.

He told me that his name was Emil Schneider. Sure krauty as hell, but that was the tag he had. He was doing some detail work, lifting boxes of clothing onto a truck—you know, two days in, you get plenty of that detail stuff.

We'd gotten a tip that this guy was in the German Army in the last war, so we went over to talk to him. Funny thing though, he was just another lob, and there wasn't a damned thing unusual about him.

He was 44 years old, single, had been drafted, was inducted two days before, had been in the German Army from the Spring of 1917 to the Spring of 1919, been wounded twice, honorably discharged, come across in '24, gone to a small town in Minnesota, drove a small bus for a living. He liked it here, he said. Just like that, quiet.

"How about that German Army?" He shook his head slowly, that's all. Didn't say a word.

"How about this one?" He didn't smile immediately; that smile sort of incubated for awhile, then broke.

"Dis one awkay, dis one goot."

Just a yardbird, another lob.

PFC. NORMAN KATKOV
FORT SNELLING, MINN.

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"HERE'S HOW YEZ HEAVE A HIGHBALL, McTURK!"

McTurk SNAPS A SALOOT

THERE comes a time in every soldier's life when he meets an officer, at which point a salute is forthcoming. Pvt. Joe McTurk, who has many times eaten fish and poi with the happy, carefree natives of Staten Island, is a handy man with a highball. He has bent the elbow so many times at bars that his right hand is almost continually in saluting position. Joe can actually count to two, so he can salute by the numbers. When he meets 1st Sgt. Glub, though, whose mother was frightened by an eagle, Joe usually gets a solid bit of instruction, along with those members of his platoon who can still walk after a week in the ditches.

The part of McTurk is played by Pvt. Robert C. McCracken of Fort Belvoir, Va., who in real life can count as high as eight. Pictures are by Sgt. Pete Paris, who doesn't count at all.

"AWRIGHT, ya rummies, ya," Sgt. Glub says, "this is how yez salute." He reads from the manual, while the platoon dozes off. McTurk is dreaming of a steak he once had. When he ate it it was still on the cow.

"McTOIK!" yells the sergeant. "Lemme see yez salute." Mac offs and ons and snaps up his pinkies. "What's that yez got in yer mush?" says the sergeant. "Me butt," says Mac. It's the same one he's been chewing on since 1936. There's rubber in the tobacco.

"YA DOPE, YA," says the sergeant, "would yez salute a officer with a butt in yer mush?" Mac is puzzled by the question. "Why not?" he wants to know. "I'll tilt the butt up in the air, won't I? He'll be getting two salutes." "Ah, ya dope, ya," says the sergeant.

WHILE THE SERGEANT is gone Mac has an idea. "Listen, chums," he says, "I got a idea. I want to annoy that sergeant. He's a needler. He's got no soul. He's beatin' down me originality. When he comes back I want ya to do this, or I'll bat the ears off each of ya." Then Mac tells them what to do.

WHEN THE SERGEANT comes back he finds the platoon at attention, and every one of them has a cheroot projected between his teeth. The sergeant is dumbfounded. "Well, beat me, daddy, with a three-day pass," he says. "McToik, this time yez've gone too far. I'm gonna take yez up to the captain and let him watch me cut yer t'roat . . ."

SCENE: THE ORDERLY ROOM. Characters: the usual three. "Well, McTurk, I see you've done it again," says the captain. "The usual punishment is too good for him," says the sergeant. The captain smiles. "We've got to be easy on him, sergeant," he says. "He's just a little lost child." Ten minutes later the little lost child (right) is playing in the dirt again.

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SPORTS: EVIL-EYE FINKEL JOINS THE ARMY TO RUIN HITLER WITH HIS FAMOUS SLOBODKA STARE

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

There is cause for rejercing in the Army this week. Evil-Eye Finkel has jerned the ranks.

To know exactly what this means let us consider a hypothetical case. Suppose the first sergeant has lost heavily at cribbage the night before and in a fit of pique restricts the whole company to quarters. Up steps Pvt. Finkel and fixes the top kick with his baleful glance.

"Sergeant," says Evil-Eye, "you should fall right on your head."

"Ha!" says the sergeant, snapping his fingers. He takes two steps toward the orderly room and falls on his head. The next day everyone in the company gets a three-day pass.

The Eye Is Valuable

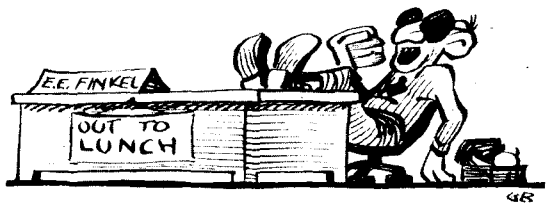
It is this fast work with the voodoo that has earned Evil-Eye Finkel a niche in boxing's hall of fame. Formerly a mere trainer and second, he has now reached a position where he can take his cherce from the flock of managers clamoring for him to put the hex on the bum their boy is fighting.

Evil-Eye even has a manager of his own —Lew Diamond, The Honest Brakeman, so-called because he never stole a box car. Diamond also manages Gus Lesnevich, the light-heavyweight champion, but Evil-Eye is his first love. He found Evil-Eye at Miami Beach, hexing people just for the hell of it. This personal indulgence by the inventor of the Slobodka Stare so shocked Diamond that he immediately appointed himself Evil-Eye's manager and began leasing him out for cash.

The Finkel technique is close to genius in its simplicity. It requires no long incantations, no witch's brew and no pentagons drawn in blood, and it pays homage to no deity except Mike Jacobs. All it needs is dough on the line and enough visibility through the cigar smoke for Evil-Eye to get a good look at his man.

The intensity of the hex naturally depends on how much you want to pay, but there are all kinds for all purses. If you cannot afford the Slobodka Stare there is always the Minsk Wink for people in the middle income brackets, or perhaps the Kalamazoo Zammy. This last is a real killer at cut-rate prices and has been known to knock over a good middleweight at 20 yards.

Finkel shows his Evil Eye to Senators Tobey and Johnson.

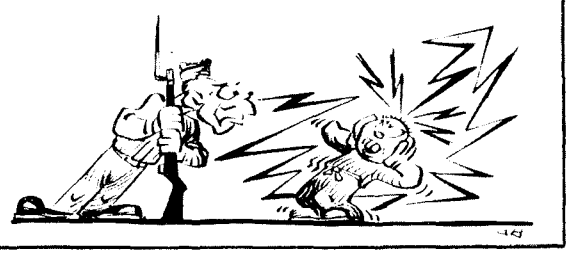


He Ruined Melio Bettina

There are a few sceptics who aver that Evil-Eye is a fake and speak mockingly of Finkel's Folly. These are a sad minority. It is only necessary to point out what happened to Jimmy Grippo, an amateur hex artist in his own right and manager of Melio Bettina. Grippo dared question the powers of Evil-Eye Finkel, with the result that Evil-Eye hexed Grippo's fighter with such effectiveness that Bettina soon became light-heavyweight champion of the world, a non-profit making predicament that is the fear of all fighters up to 175 pounds.

There is no indication yet as to what the Army is going to do with Evil-Eye, who is no chicken, but it would be a shame to waste him at a brown collar job. On the domestic front he could be particularly effective against top kicks and supply sergeants, while service at the PX would undoubtedly improve after a few showings of the Slobodka Stare.

Evil-Eye himself is waiting to get close enough to use the new Hitler Hex he is perfecting. On the basis of previous accomplishment he considers himself equal in fire power to at least a tired rifle platoon, and much cheaper to feed. Meanwhile he is hoping to get stationed at a post with some ex-boxers, just so he can keep his hand in.



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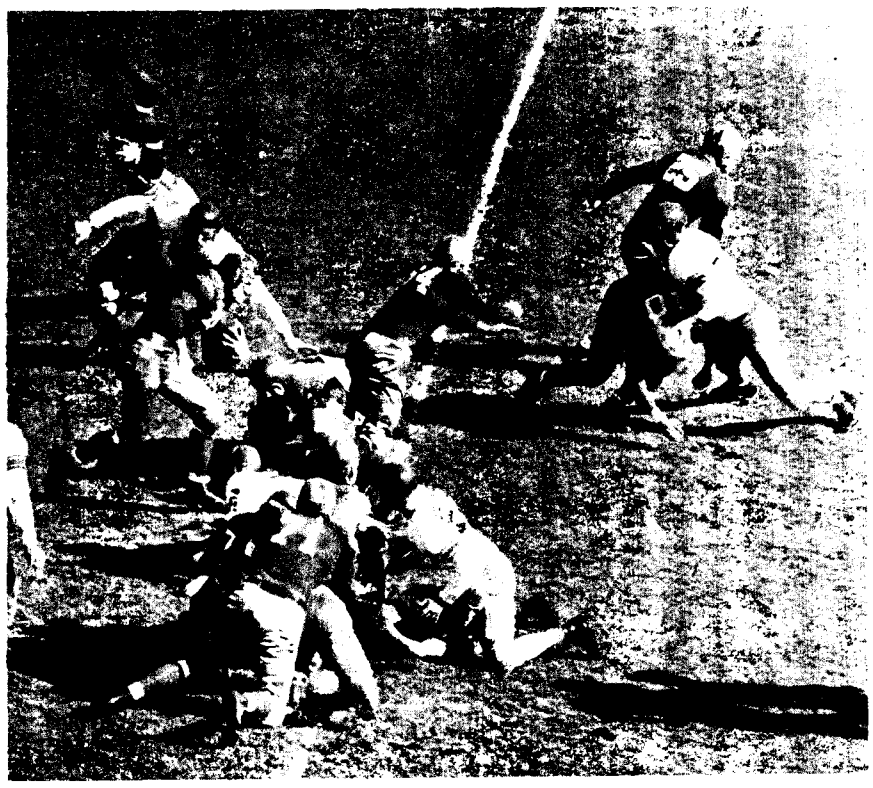
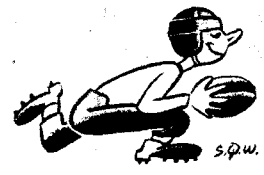
Where Are All Them Grid Champs?



WISCONSIN UPSETS OHIO STATE—Mark Hoskins, Badger back, cuts through the Buckeye line on a power play, as Wisconsin scores its big upset at Madison.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL



ALABAMA
54—S. W. La. In. . . . 0
21—Miss. State 6
27—Pen'cola Tr. 0
8—Tennessee 0
14—Kentucky 0
10—Georgia 21

ARMY
14—Lafayette 0
28—Cornell 8
34—Columbia 6
14—Harvard 0
0—Pennsylvania . . . 19

AUBURN
20—Chattanooga 7
0—Ga. Tech 15
27—Tulane 13
0—Florida 6
6—Georgetown 6
14—Villanova 6
0—Miss. State 6

BAYLOR
68—Waco Flyers 0
6—Hardin-Sim's 13
18—Okla. A. & M. . . . 12
20—Arkansas 7
6—Texas A & M 0
10—T. C. U. 7

BOSTON COLLEGE
33—West Virginia 0
14—Clemson 7
7—N. C. Pre-Fl. 6
27—Wake Forest 0
47—Georgetown 0

BROWN
26—Rhode Island 0
28—Columbia 21
7—Lafayette 0
13—Princeton 32
0—Yale 27

CALIFORNIA
6—St. Mary's 0
8—Ore. State 13
6—Santa Clara 7
0—U. C. L. A. 21
19—Washington 6
20—Oregon 0

CLEMSON
32—Presbyterian 13
0—V. M. I. 0
6—N. C. State 7
7—Boston College . . . 14
18—So. Carolina 6
6—Wake Forest 19

COLGATE
49—St. Lawrence . . . 0
18—Cornell 6
17—Dartmouth 19
0—Duke 34
10—Penn State 13
6—Holy Cross 6

COLUMBIA
39—Ft. Monmouth . . . 0
34—Maine 2
21—Brown 28
6—Army 34
12—Pennsylvania . . . 42
14—Cornell 13

CORNELL
20—Lafayette 16
6—Colgate 18
8—Army 28
0—Penn State 0
7—Syracuse 12
13—Columbia 14

DARTMOUTH
17—Holy Cross 6
58—Miami (O.) 7
19—Colgate 27
14—Harvard 2
7—Yale 17
14—Wm. & Mary . . . 35

DUKE
21—Davidson 6
7—Wake Forest 20
13—Ga. Pre-Fl. 26
34—Colgate 0
28—Pittsburgh 0
7—Georgia Tech . . . 26

DUQUESNE
26—Waynesburg 0
25—Holy Cross 9
33—Kansas State 0
6—No. Carolina 13
7—Manhattan 10
14—St. Vincent 0

FLORIDA
7—Jacksonville Tr. . . 20
45—Rand.-Macon 0
26—Tampa 6
6—Auburn 9
3—Villanova 13
12—Miss. State 26
0—Maryland 13

FORDHAM
14—Purdue 7
14—Tennessee 40
0—No. Carolina 0
23—West Virginia . . . 14
7—St. Mary's 0

GEORGIA
7—Kentucky 6
14—Jacksonville Tr. . . 0
40—Furman 7
48—Mississippi 13
35—Cincinnati 13
21—Alabama 16

GEORGIA TECH
15—Auburn 0
13—Notre Dame 6
30—Chattanooga 12
33—Davidson 0
21—Navy 0
26—Duke 7

HARVARD
0—N. C. Pre-Fl. 13
7—Penn 19
7—Wm. & Mary 7
2—Dartmouth 14
0—Army 14
19—Princeton 14

HOLY CROSS
6—Dartmouth 17
0—Duquesne 25
60—Ft. Totten 0
0—Syracuse 19
28—N. C. State 0
6—Colgate 6

ILLINOIS
46—So. Dakota 0
67—Butler 0
20—Minnesota 13
13—Iowa 7
14—Notre Dame 21
14—Michigan 28

INDIANA
53—Butler 0
21—Ohio State 32
12—Nebraska 0
19—Pittsburgh 7
13—Iowa 14
6—Iowa Pre-Fl. . . . 26

IOWA
26—Wash. (St. L.) . . 7
27—Nebraska 0
0—Great Lakes 25
33—Camp Grant 16
7—Illinois 12
14—Indiana 13
13—Purdue 6

KANSAS
0—Marquette 14
34—Ga. Pre.Fl 0
0—Denver 17
6—T. C. U. 14
0—Oklahoma 25
19—Kas. State 7
7—Nebraska 14

KENTUCKY
6—Georgia 7
35—Xavier (O.) 19
53—W. and L. 0
6—Vanderbilt 7
21—Va. Tech. 21
0—Alabama 14

LOUISIANA STATE
40—La. St. Normal . . . 0
16—Tex. A. & M. 7
14—Rice 27
16—Miss. State 6
21—Mississippi 7
34—Ga. Pre-Fl. 0
0—Tennessee 26

MICHIGAN
9—Great Lakes 0
29—Mich. State 0
14—Iowa Pre-Fl. . . . 26
34—Northwestern . . . 16
14—Minnesota 16
28—Illinois 14

MINNESOTA
50—Pittsburgh 7
6—Iowa Pre-Fl. 7
13—Illinois 29
15—Nebraska 2
16—Michigan 14
19—Northwestern 7

MISS. STATE
35—Union 2
6—Alabama 21
6—L. S. U. 16
33—Vanderbilt 0
26—Florida 12
6—Auburn 0

MISSOURI
31—Ft. Riley 0
38—St. Louis 7
26—Colorado 13
9—Wisconsin 17
46—Kansas State 2
45—Iowa State 6
0—Great Lakes 17

NAVY
0—Wm. & Mary 3
35—Virginia 0
0—Princeton 10
13—Yale 6
0—Georgia Tech. . . . 21
0—Notre Dame 9

NEBRASKA
26—Iowa State 0
0—Iowa 27
0—Indiana 13
2—Minnesota 15
7—Oklahoma 0
14—Kansas 7

NORTH CAROLINA
6—Wake Forest 0
18—So. Carolina 6
0—Fordham 0
13—Duquesne 6
14—Tulane 29
14—N. C. State 21

NORTHWESTERN
12—Iowa Pre-Fl. 20
3—Texas 0
6—Purdue 7
16—Michigan 34
6—Ohio State 20
7—Minnesota 19

NOTRE DAME
7—Wisconsin 7
6—Ga. Tech. 13
27—Stanford 0
28—Iowa Pre-Fl. 0
21—Illinois 14
9—Navy 0

OHIO STATE
59—Ft. Knox 0
32—Indiana 21
28—So. Calif. 12
26—Purdue 0
20—Northwestern . . . 6
7—Wisconsin 17

OKLAHOMA
0—Okla A. & M. 0
0—Tulsa 23
0—Texas 7
25—Kansas 0
0—Nebraska 7
14—Iowa State 7

OREGON
9—Calif. Pre-Fl. 10
0—Wash. State 7
7—Washington 15
28—Idaho 0
0—California 20

OREGON STATE
32—Idaho 0
13—California 8
7—U. C. L. A. 30
0—Santa Clara 7
13—Wash. State 26
0—Washington 13

PENNSYLVANIA
6—Ga. Pre-Fl. 14
19—Harvard 7
35—Yale 6
6—Princeton 6
42—Columbia 12
19—Army 0

PITTSBURGH
7—Minnesota 50
28—S. M. U. 7
6—Great Lakes 7
7—Indiana 19
0—Duke 28
19—Carnegie Tech. . . . 0

PRINCETON
20—Lakehurst Tr. . . . 6
7—Williams 19
10—Navy 0
6—Penn 6
32—Brown 13
14—Harvard 19

PURDUE
7—Fordham 14
0—Vanderbilt 26
7—Northwestern 6
0—Ohio State 26
0—Wisconsin 13
6—Iowa 13

SANTA CLARA
12—Utah 0
14—Stanford 6
7—California 6
7—Oregon State 0
6—U. C. L. A. 14
8—San Francisco . . . 6

SO. CALIFORNIA
13—Tulane 27
0—Washington 0
12—Ohio State 28
26—Wash. State 12
6—Stanford 14

SO. METHODIST
26—No. Texas T. 7
7—Pittsburgh 20
6—Hardin-Sim's 7
6—Temple 6
21—Corp. Christi PF . 6
7—Texas 21

STANFORD
0—Wash. State 6
6—Santa Clara 14
0—Notre Dame 27
54—Idaho 7
14—South Calif. 6
7—U. C. L. A. 20

SYRACUSE
58—Clarkson 6
25—Boston U. 0
13—Western Res. . . . 0
19—Holy Cross 0
12—Cornell 7
0—No. Car. Pre-Fl. . . 9

TEMPLE
0—Georgetown 7
7—V. M. I. 6
7—Bucknell 7
6—So. Methodist 6
0—N. C. PF. 34
7—Michigan State . . . 7

TENNESSEE
0—So. Carolina 0
40—Fordham 14
34—Dayton 6
0—Alabama 8
52—Furman 7
26—Louisiana State . . 0

TEXAS
40—Corpus Christi . . . 0
64—Kansas State 0
0—Northwestern 3
7—Oklahoma 0
47—Arkansas 6
12—Rice 7
21—So. Methodist . . . 7

TEXAS A. & M.
7—L. S. U. 16
19—Texas Tech. 0
7—Corpus Christi . . . 18
2—T. C. U. 7
0—Baylor 6
41—Arkansas 0

TULANE
27—So. California 13
13—Auburn 27
18—Rice 7
0—Georgia 40
29—No. Carolina 14
28—Vanderbilt 21

U. C. L. A.
6—T. C. U. 7
7—Calif. Pre-Fl. 18
30—Oregon State 7
21—California 0
14—Santa Clara 6
20—Stanford 7

VANDERBILT
52—Tenn. Tech. 0
26—Purdue 0
7—Kentucky 6
0—Miss. State 33
66—Centre 0
21—Tulane 28

WASHINGTON
27—Coll.-Pacific 0
0—So. Calif. 0
15—Oregon 7
35—Montana 0
6—California 19
13—Oregon State 0

WASH. STATE
6—Stanford 0
7—Oregon 0
68—Montana 16
12—So. California 26
26—Ore. State 13

WISCONSIN
7—Camp Grant 0
7—Notre Dame 7
35—Marquette 7
17—Missouri 9
13—Great Lakes 7
13—Purdue 0
17—Ohio State 7

YALE
33—Lehigh 6
6—Pennsylvania 35
6—Navy 13
12—Dartmouth 7
27—Brown 6

Georgia, Georgia Tech and B. C. Only Unbeaten and Untied Teams

NEW YORK—There are only three undefeated and untied football teams in the big time college ranks as this is written—Georgia, Georgia Tech and Boston College. Wisconsin now ranks as tops in the Mid West, tied once by Notre Dame, which is no cause for shame, and unbeaten, with a victory over Ohio State, the previous No. 1 eleven of the nation, as its latest accomplishment.

How much further Georgia and Georgia Tech can proceed with their slates unblemished no one ventures to guess but it is a safe bet that one of them will fall Nov. 28, at least, because that is the day they are scheduled to play against each other. B.C. has games with Fordham and the constantly improving Holy Cross outfit on its bill of fare.

Sinkwich Shines, As Usual

Coach Denny Myers of Boston College has developed one of the most bone-crushing lines in the country, headed by an All-American prospect named Gil Bouley and a great end from the 1940 Sugar Bowl club, Don Currivan. The Eagles also have a trio of fine backs in Mike Holovak, Eddie Doherty and Harry Connolly. The first team scored 29 points in 29 minutes of action last week when the Eagles slaughtered Georgetown, 47-0.

The game of the week, however, was the clash between the undefeated Alabama and Georgia powerhouses. Frankie Sinkwich, who comes from the cotton-picking district of Youngstown, Ohio, unleashed a barrage of fourth period passes to lead Georgia to a 21-10 triumph. Georgia Tech in the meantime was shellacking Duke, 26-7, and the whole state is arguing about whether the Bulldogs have a better team than the Wrecks.

Penn Upsets Army

Upsets of the week were Pennsylvania's 19-0 trimming of the undefeated Red Blaik Army team and the conclusive Wisconsin 17-7 decision over Ohio State, as well as Baylor's 10-7 edge on Texas Christion. That gave Baylor a tie with Texas U. in the Southwestern Conference, both of them as yet unbeaten in league competition. Notre Dame turned back Navy on a sloppy field, 6-0.

Harvard sprung a surprise by overturning Princeton on a last minute pass, 19-14, Detroit was knocked out of the undefeated class by Marquette, 10-0, but little William & Mary remained unvanquished by pasting Dartmouth, 35-14.

Sugar Bowl representatives attended the Georgia-Alabama game but they are afraid to invite the Bulldogs because they may be beaten by their neighboring engineers. On the other hand, they are afraid not to invite Georgia because the Rose Bowl may get them first.

Boston College is a sure thing to represent the North in New Orleans because of the spectacular game it played there against Tennessee two years ago.

Rickey Switches Jobs, St. Louis To Brooklyn

BROOKLYN—Branch Rickey of the St. Louis Cardinals has taken the Dodger general manager job formerly held by Maj. Larry MacPhail, now on active duty with the Army. He is rumored to be getting $40,000 a year plus a bonus, depending on the number of Flatbush fans that file into Ebbets Field next season.

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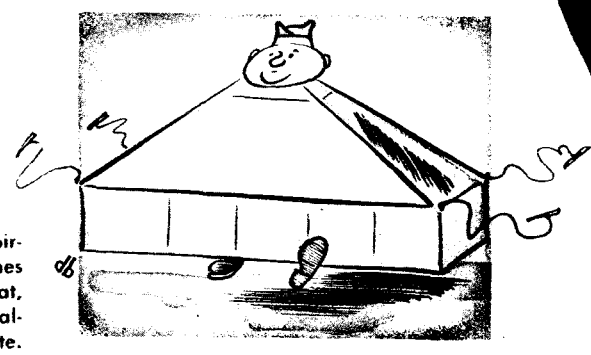
Here's what we're looking for!

YOUNGEST
master sergeant

Does your six-striper carry talcum to keep his diapers from chafing? Is he still humid behind the headflaps? Let us know about him. We might be able to coach him for his Eagle Scout rating.

OLDEST enlisted man in point of service

Anybody in your outfit at San Juan Hill? Bull Run? Valley Forge? We're looking for an Old Issue who thinks the Army went to hell the day it dropped the fetlock rifle and the muzzle-loader. Wake up the sleeping century plant and find out how long he's been in.



HEAVIEST
man in the Army

Who is the greatest collection of avoirdupois now gathered within the confines of one Army uniform? Be he muscle or fat, we want him. Survey his proportions, calculate his bulk and send us your estimate.

BIGGEST FAMILY
of men in the Army

Are there 36 McPhersons in your platoon? It might not be a coincidence; maybe they're related. Has your first sergeant got three sons in the next company and an uncle up in regimental headquarters? Round 'em up and send in their names.

LARGEST FEET in a pair of G.I. shoes

Do you know the man who gets free oars thrown in with every pair of gunboats he buys? The man who uses his shoelaces for a clothes-line on Friday night? Join us in our search for the dogface with the biggest dogs. You may help him gain immortality.

MARINE who has served in the most foreign posts

Lead us to the Leatherneck who's been led from Addis Ababa to the Zuyder Zee. We're looking for the Marine whose assignments have sent him everywhere. He'll be easy to spot. He'll have another Marine along to help him carry his campaign ribbons.

SAILOR who can tie the most knots

Is there somebody on your ship who can make with everything from a granny to a studding-sail halyard bend with a double hitch and a floy floy? Better still, if you're a mean man with the manila, enter yourself in the hemp-bender sweepstakes.

YANK

YANK dusts off its long chin this week and drags out its combination hand mirror and reading glass for one of the greatest investigations since Sherlock Holmes. With no help except from the handful of men who comprise the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, the Army Weekly sets out bravely to find the guys who represent all the extremes in our fighting forces.

Prizes will be awarded not just to the guys who fill the requirements above, but also to the diligent, unsung heroes who ferret them out. The soldier (or sailor or Marine) who turns in the winning names in each class will be awarded one year's subscription to YANK, as will the winning men themselves.

Just be sure that entries filed in this country are in the mail by Dec. 1, and those filed overseas by Dec. 31. Winners will be announced as soon as mail from overseas stops straggling in, probably in February. Address entries and bribes to: Contest Editor, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City, U.S.A.

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